MAY 14, 1956

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

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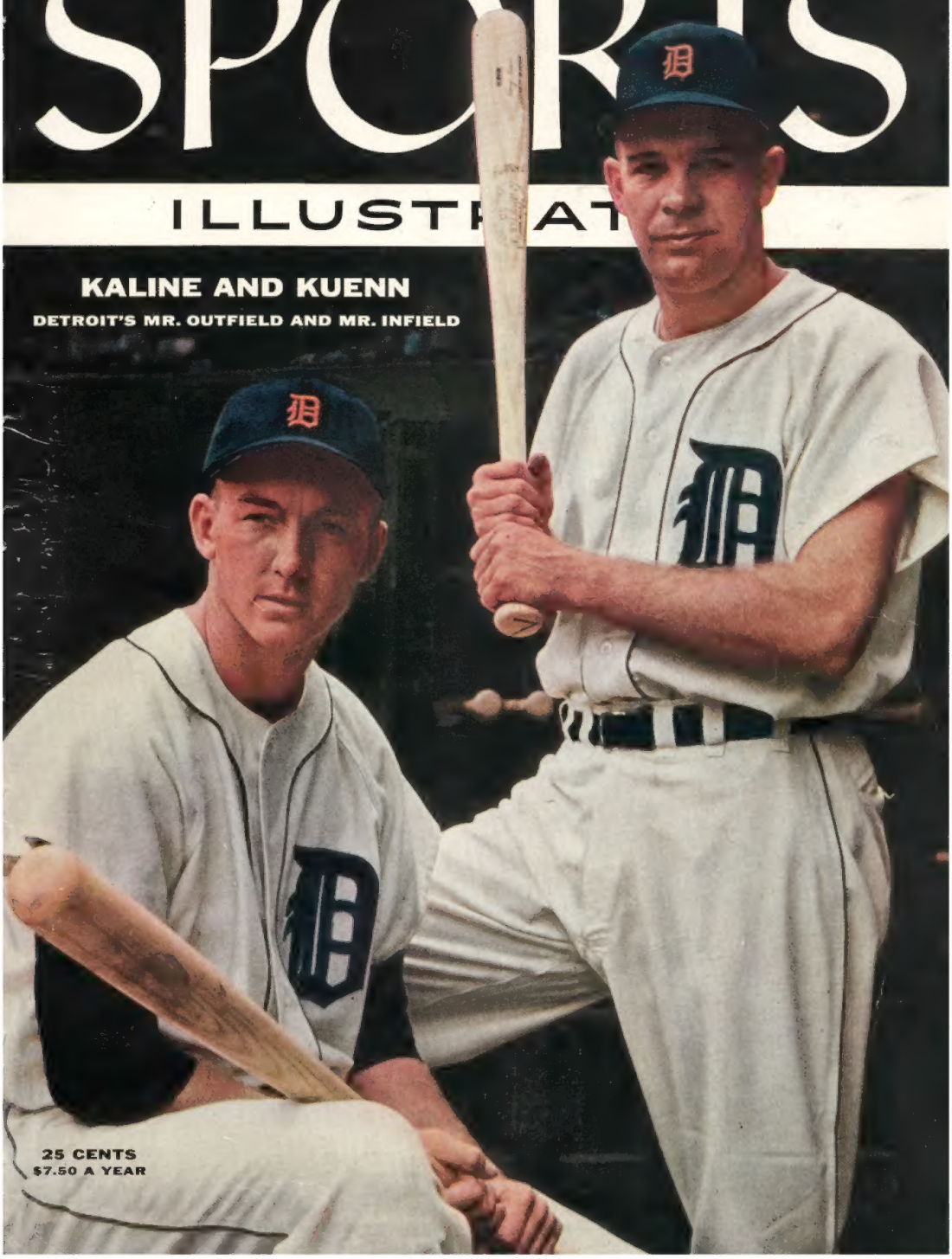

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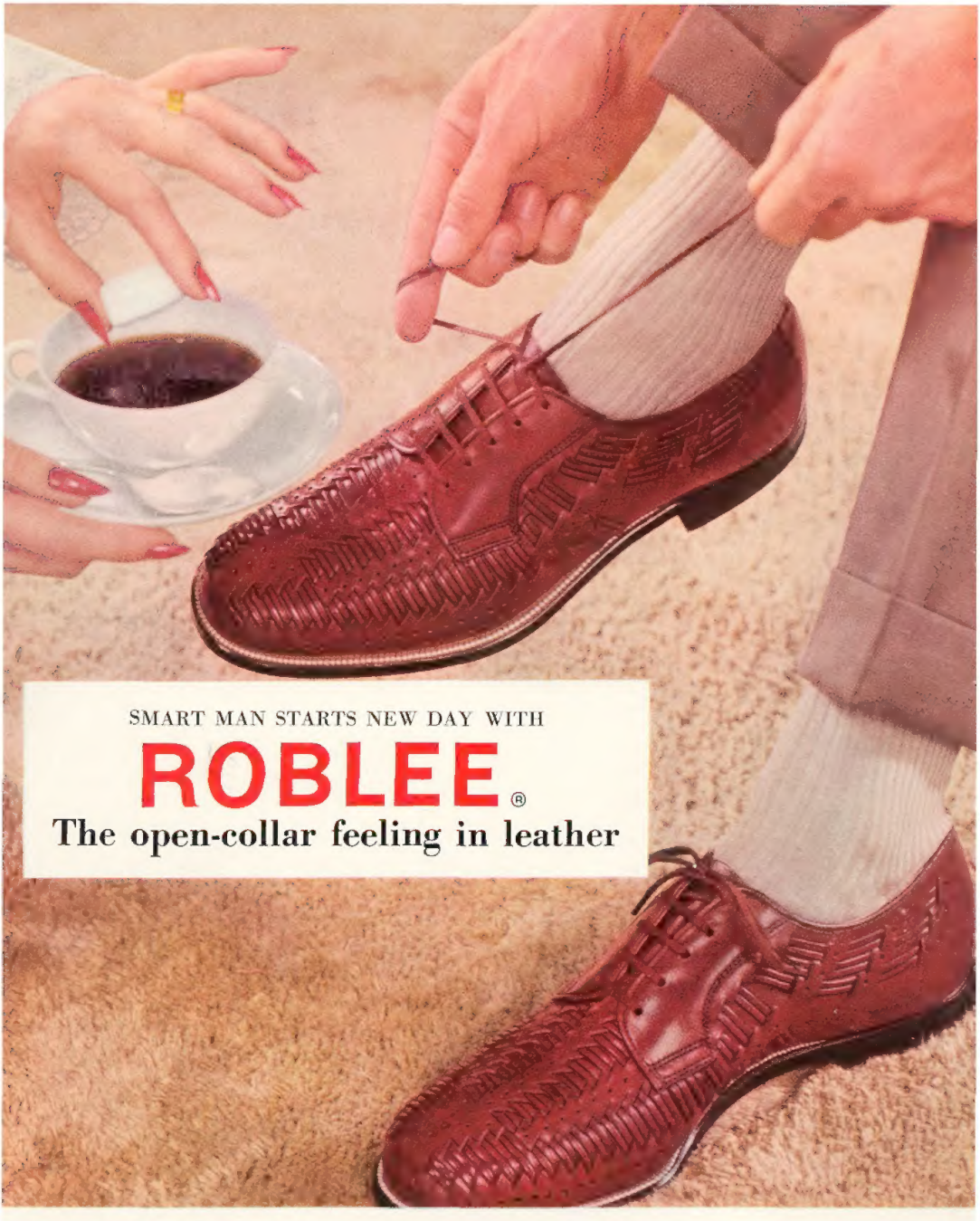

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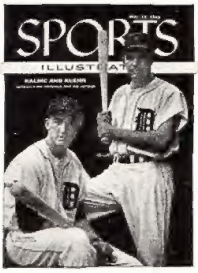

COVER: AL KALINE AND HARVEY KUENN
Photograph by Hy Peskin

Great baseball players seem to leap into life fully armed, like soldiers sprung from dragon's teeth. Such are Al Kaline, 21, and Harvey Kuenn, 25, of the Detroit Tigers, both of whom became major league regulars in their second season of Organized Ball. To learn the fascinating methods big league clubs utilize to discover such fine players, turn to page 32 for Robert Shaplen's report on baseball scouts.

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A NEW CLASSIC OF THE SEA

In the Pacific's Roaring Forties, a man and his ship meet with the ultimate storm. William A. Robinson tells how they survived

THE STORY OF JOHN LANDY

Paul O'Neil presents an intimate portrait of the dedicated miler from Australia and his new record try at the Fresno Relays

JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX

The Question:

Which do you love more, your horse or your dog?

MRS. JAMES H. VAN ALLEN

Newport, R.I.

My dog. A woman can logically say, "Love me, love my dog." It would be incongruous for her to insist: "Love me, love my horse." I know my dog loves me. I know what he will do. He knows what to expect of me, companionship and affection. As for my horse, I'm never sure that he won't kick me.

MRS. CORTRIGHT W. WETHERILL

Newtown Square, Pa.

You like a dog for one thing, a horse for another. But how can you help loving a horse when he's just won for you? I make pets of dogs and horses, but I'll go along with my great jumper Iron Shot. My grandfather gave him to me. He's 19, drinks beer, eats hamburgers and loves children.

FERNANDO BERCKEMEYER

Peruvian Ambassador to U.S.
Lima, Peru

My horse. Our family has owned horses for generations. I literally grew up on a horse. In Lima we have a statue called The Peruvian Horse, in memory of the Spanish who conquered Peru with horses. The natives had never seen horses and thought they were supernatural beings.

MRS. MAGRUDER DENT

Greenwich, Conn.

I love my horse much more than my dog. Horse lovers will know what I mean when I say that I've outgrown dogs. A dog is nice for you when you are young, but horses never lose their appeal at any age. I love them so much that I am going to raise Connemara ponies for my grandchildren.

THE COUNTESS CITTADINI

Monte Carlo and Nice

My horse. I was reared on horses. Our childhood memories are keen, but I can't remember the first time I rode one. They've been part of my life and I understand them as well as I understand humans. You can take a dog or leave it, but not a horse. He is the most beautiful of all animals.

MRS. ROBERT E. STRAWBRIDGE

Old Westbury, L. I.

My dog. He is more personal, a closer and more understanding companion. I think that a horse—a good horse—as an animal, is a finer thing to me and most people than a good dog. I'm interested in a Thoroughbred horse as a splendid, beautiful animal; in a dog as a pet and a friend.

EDWARD T. McLEAN

Glyndon, Md.
Racing Official

I've bred horses and dogs. Horses have been a part of my entire life. A dog is either a child's pet or a working dog. Shoot over a working dog and it's great. But would you rather see a good dog show or the National Horse Show? There's absolutely no comparison. The horse show, of course.

LESLIE COMBS II

Lexington, Ky.
One of Nashua's owners

Millions have watched Nashua and loved him. I did, too, just watching him in a race. You don't often get a horse who is broad between the eyes, indicative of intelligence. My dogs are wonderful, too, but you can't help loving a horse who, in some ways, is almost human.

MRS. JOHN A. MORRIS

New York

My horse. The Morris family have been the "warp and woof" of racing for more than a century. We raced in England, as partners of Mr. Ten Broeck, in 1852. My horse is more real to me. The affection of our family is wrapped around him. When he runs, we worry about it being muddy or sunny.

continued on page 7

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JIMMY JEMAIL
continued from page 4

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Our hobby is training show horses. We spend all our spare time with them. They are so intelligent and affectionate that you can't help loving such beautiful animals. But our two black Labradors, Remus and Dinah, are wonderful dogs. We love them fully as much.

MRS. CONRAD THIBAULT
New York

My horse. They say a dog knows you, but a horse also gets to know and really love you. When jumping my horse, he helps me and there is unity. That's a tremendous lift and so much more interesting than showing dogs. When I was hurt after a bad fall, my horse stood by with his nose on my shoulder.

MRS. CHET LaROCHE
Fairfield, Conn.

Although our daughter, only 16 years old, has won over 600 ribbons and is considered to be the second best rider in the East, I have to vote for the dog. He gives you real love. A horse is much harder to understand. You have to give him more love and attention to get what you want from him.

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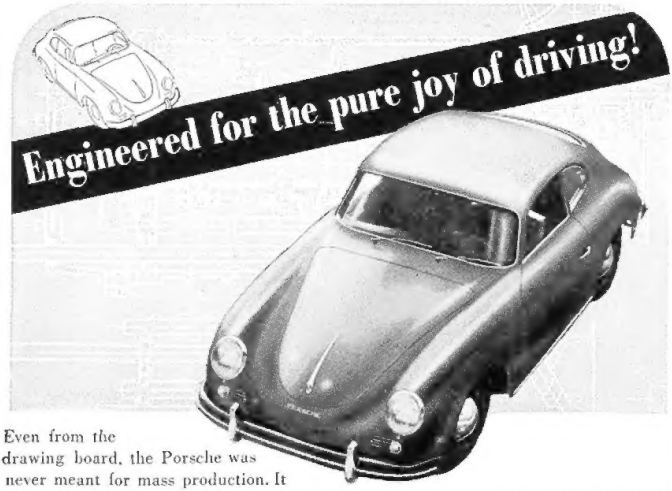

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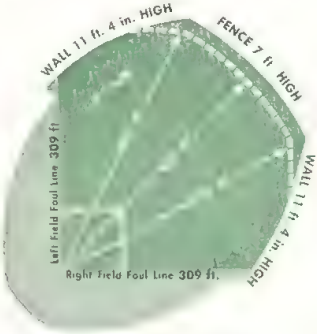
MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

THE CENTER FIELD fence in Baltimore's Memorial Stadium came closer to home plate between the time SI's special baseball issue of April 9 went to press and the opening of the season. This change, in which SPORTS ILLUSTRATED figured importantly as a visual aid, was one that Manager and General Manager Paul Richards had wanted since he came to the Orioles in 1955.

As is not often the case with this kind of fence-moving, Richards' reasons involved fielding more than hitting. "I hoped to provide more interesting baseball," he told SI. "Balls hit between outfielders were *stand-up* triples before. Now they're *sliding* triples—or doubles. Long fly balls used to be caught, while short flies dropped in for singles behind the infielders, none of which added to the excitement of the game."

During his preliminary discussions with Oriole officials, as well as at the final meeting in the Oriole board room on April 14, when he asked Baltimore Park Board President James C. Anderson for permission to bring the fence in, Richards used the diagrams in SI's April 9 issue to show that his field, which SI called "a slugger's nightmare," was a little larger than others in the major leagues. "Just a little bit *too* large," Richards said. "The diagrams were most helpful in discussing this point."

Now that the Orioles' energetic manager has made his point and the carpenters have done their work, here is the updated diagram of Memorial Stadium:



Memorial Stadium, Baltimore

SI shares with Paul Richards the hope that the new dimensions will provide more interesting baseball in Baltimore—just as his excellent book, *Modern Baseball Strategy*, which SI serialized last year, has already provided more interesting baseball everywhere to those who read it.

Harry Phillips

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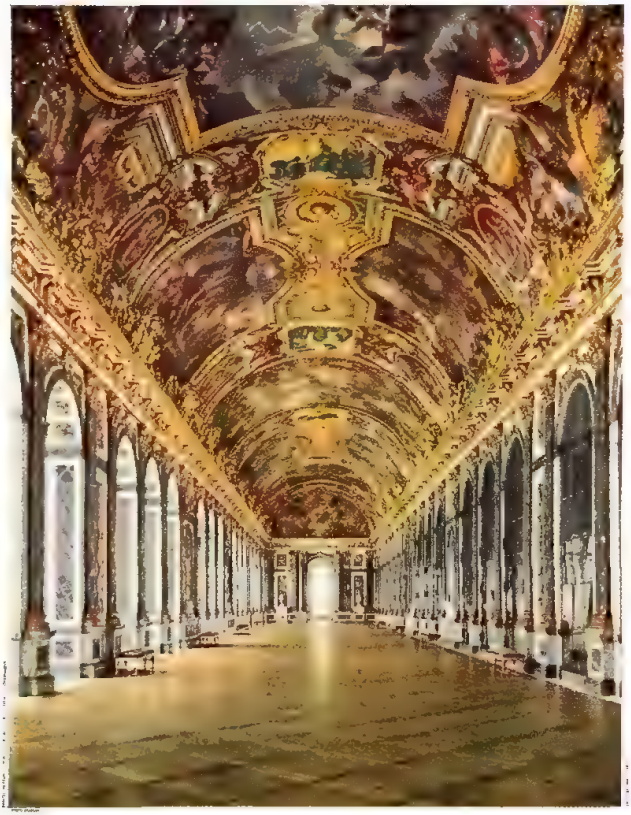

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A DAY TO REMEMBER

THE MOMENT AT LOS ANGELES—JIM BAILEY PASSES JOHN LANDY

THE MOMENT AT CHURCHILL DOWNS—NEEDLES OUTRUNS FABIUS

Saturday, May 5. A day for the dramatic, the spectacular; a day for magical and magnificent events. The feel of spring was in the warm and sunny air—an almost tangible crackle of excitement. Great crowds flowing into race tracks felt it; so did vast throngs in stadiums; so, too, did picnickers listening to portable radios in the shade of new-leafed trees and men at home who opened windows wide and relaxed in front of television sets. A day in which anything could happen in the wonderful world of sport.

At Los Angeles, Jim Bailey, a University of Oregon student, ran the mile in 3:58.6—and beat the invincible John Landy. In Louisville a bay colt named Needles floated down the backstretch in 16th place, then thundered home in one of the most thrilling finishes in 82 years to win the Kentucky Derby. At Durham, Dave Sime, the red-haired Duke sophomore, flashed over the 220-yard low hurdles in 22.2 to beat the alltime world mark. At Jamaica Race Track, Nashua stumbled at the start, then won the Grey Lag Handicap to move to within $8,000 of Citation's record $1,085,760. In Salt Lake City, Parry O'Brien put the shot three inches past his own world outdoor record of 60 feet 10 inches. At Baltimore, an almost unknown left-hander named Ferrarese struck out 13 Cleveland batters in his first major league start.

It was indeed a day to remember. But first, the mile . . .

THE MILE

by PAUL O'NEIL

WHILE 40,000 spectators roared with incredulity along the vast, sunlit walls of the Los Angeles Coliseum last Saturday afternoon and while something like 40 *million* more stared with equal incredulity at their television screens two gasping Australians, who had just raced each other through the first four-minute mile ever run in the U.S., tottered toward each other amid a shouting press of photographers and track officials.

"John," panted the amazed winner, black-haired and handsome Jim Bailey of Sydney's St. George Athletic Club—and the University of Oregon track team—"I was just trying to help. I wanted to frighten you to more speed."

Said World Record Holder John Landy, the startled loser: "You ran a 3:58." Bailey glared at him with unsteady indignation and shouted, "Bullswool."

But a few seconds later, amidst a storm of applause, the stadium loudspeakers officially informed him of his accomplishments: Bailey had been clocked in 3:58.6 (Landy finished in 3:58.7—his fifth four-minute mile and his third since January of this year) and in so doing had exceeded the best times of all other milers but Landy himself. In one dramatic day helpful Jim Bailey had burst past the accomplishments of Bannister, Tabori, Chataway and Hewson and, of course, Wes Santee, and had become an Olympic Games contender of major stature. No one seemed more

continued on next page

A DAY TO REMEMBER

continued from page 13

startled than he—and with good reason.

Bailey is Landy's age—26—and thus a lot older than most college milers. He worked for years as a land appraiser in Australia and has toiled as a summertime lumber loader in the Oregon timber country. As milers go he is an old and experienced hand; he ran against Landy in Australia in 1953 and 1954 (and was always badly beaten) and came to the British Empire Games at Vancouver two years ago as a half-miler on the Australian team. He broke a bone in one foot in the semifinal, stayed on in Canada for treatment, visited the University of Oregon and decided to enroll. He is a brash, bright, confident young man and an aggressive athlete. But his best time for the mile before Saturday was 4:05.6 (to win last year's NCAA championship) and his best so far this year but 4:10 (in a race in which he was beaten by Oregon's Bill Dellinger).

Bailey came to Los Angeles in an extremely relaxed and lighthearted mood, while Landy bore heavy burdens. Landy flew from Australia to Honolulu and held a mass press conference, he flew to San Francisco and held another, he arrived in Los Angeles and held a third. He compensated for them by engaging in heavy training bouts of eight or 10 miles a day and raced through six fast quarter-miles, six 220s and a half-mile only two days before the race. He came to the U.S. virtually promising to break four minutes twice —at last Saturday's USC—UCLA dual meet and this Saturday at the West Coast Relays. He worried—he was vaguely fearful that Villanova's young Dublin Irishman, Ron Delany, might outkick him in the stretch.

Bailey arrived in Los Angeles Thursday night, trotted a casual half-mile in a Santa Monica park and devoted the next afternoon to visiting the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio and getting photographed—with obvious delight —standing beside Actress Deborah Kerr. He, too, thought about Delany. "Ron beat me in the Garden last winter. I made a lot of stupid mistakes and I was going to beat him or die trying. But I came down to get second."

As he warmed up just before race time Bailey looked more like a man enjoying the pleasant summery day and the carnival atmosphere of the big meet than a fellow about to project himself into the ranks of track immortals. The weather was lovely—the Los Angeles smog was gone, the air clean, the sky blue and the temperature a pleasant 70°.

The iron-hard Coliseum track—a surface built for sprinters rather than distance runners—bothered him not a whit. Bailey had run on it before. He drew Lane Two, next to Landy, listened to the polite murmur of the crowd when he was introduced and leaned forward for a standing start. He burst ahead of the world record holder at the gun, but when Ron Delany raced out from the seventh lane and took the lead, Bailey let him go. In fact, he virtually disappeared from the consciousness of the crowd as the pattern of the race began to evolve.

ROARS IN THE COLISEUM

Young Delany—a brave figure in sky-blue shoes and the black jersey of Villanova—led the field by 15 yards in the first quarter. But he faded in the second quarter. Landy, intent on the four-minute mile at all costs, moved up, challenged and passed him on the backstretch of the second lap and set out to correct the pace. He led at the half, but the time was alarmingly slow: 2:02.3. To mend his race Landy opened his gap on the field steadily all through the third, hit the line in 3:01.5 and then, with the crowd roaring, set out to break the Magic Four.

Most of this time Bailey ran fourth. But he passed California's Lon Spurrier before the start of the last lap and was third. He passed Delany and was second, and then, still improbably strong, he closed a 10-yard gap, pulled up on Landy entering the last turn and whacked him smartly on the seat of his pants. "I just wanted to frighten him on—make him run," he cried later.

But something else happened. Landy —who heard the warning roar of the crowd, and who believed it was Delany who was closing on him—was unable to pull away. And Bailey, 75 yards from home, suddenly was struck by the blinding realization that he could win. He came up shoulder to shoulder and the pair raced even around the turn. Then Bailey pulled out by a yard and drove for the tape. Halfway down, Landy closed up to two feet but it was still Bailey—who turned his last quarter in the stunning time of 55.5 seconds —running with great strength at the tape.

Afterward, amid the deafening uproar, he fell into the retching daze of complete exhaustion. He held both hands to his diaphragm and gasped, "I can't talk." He got back into the gleaming Coliseum dressing rooms with difficulty. But after a doctor gave him a soother in a paper cup he collected himself. "This race today," he said, "was an unexpected climax to a long career. I believed I could go close to four minutes—but it wasn't until the last that I thought I had any chance. I looked at the big crowd before the race and tried to get excited. I was afraid I was too complacent—I guess it takes a lot to get my heart up. But in the last 220 I was running on adrenalin right enough. I always thought a four-minute mile would feel about like a 4:10 mile but it hurts a lot more. I was just gutting it in the last straight." He grinned ruefully. "But I'm afraid that now I've done it, everyone will be doing it."

Landy, who looked wan, hollow-cheeked, but almost unaffected by the struggle, smiled and offered no excuses. "I must," he said, "run faster next week. I must run faster." (END)

TALE OF TWO YEARS

Oxford	May 6, 1954	3:59.4	Roger Bannister
Turku	June 21, 1954	3.58	John Landy
Vancouver	Aug. 7, 1954	3 58.8 3.59 6	Roger Bannister John Landy
London	May 28, 1955	3 59 3:59.8 3:59.8	Laszlo Tabori Chris Chataway Brian Hewson
Melbourne	Jan 28, 1956	3 58.6	John Landy
Melbourne	April 7, 1956	3:58.6	John Landy
Los Angeles	May 5, 1956	3:58 6 3 58.7	Jim Bailey John Landy

THE DERBY

May 5 brought Derby Day and the heart-gripping charge of the 3-year-olds at Churchill Downs. Novelist John P. Marquand took leave of absence from Happy Knoll to be there for SI—and his reflections on the day and its deeds start on page 29. Here, from SI's turf editor, the race itself:

by WHITNEY TOWER

FOR AN AFTERNOON that was eventually to be dedicated to speed clear across the country, the pace around Barn 10 at Churchill Downs seemed uncommonly slow early last Saturday. There seemed to be several good reasons. For one thing, the No. 1 resident of Barn 10, the Florida-bred Kentucky favorite Needles, although he undoubtedly did not know it, had had a victory party tossed in his honor the night before in a hotel in Evansville, Ind. which, for this auspicious occasion, had been taken over lock, stock and barrel by his owners for the express purpose of entertaining their old friends from Florida and Oklahoma and their new friends from every other place you can think of. Owners Jackson Dudley and Bonnie Heath might as well have invited Needles to share in the premature rejoicing, for when Trainer Hugh Fontaine showed up at Barn 10 at 5:30 a.m. on Derby Day (after three hours of sleep) he discovered his Derby horse looking quite as mournful and generally disinterested as anybody who has ever been to a rousing party in Evansville, Ind.

From neighboring barns the Derby horses walked peacefully to the race track for a last slow gallop. Not Needles. With his eyes half shut he dozed through the morning, while Fontaine —dressed for the big day in a fancy ensemble made up of ochre and maroon-striped pants and a reddish-tan sport coat that would not have seemed out of place draped around a sideshow barker—settled peacefully into an old wooden rocker in the stable office. Was it not customary, he was asked by inquisitive visitors, to gallop his horse at least once around on the morning of a race? Mr. Hugh Fontaine is not the most communicative of men. "He galloped yesterday," was his reply. "No need to gallop again today. He's ready." That about summed it up with the least possible expenditure of effort and, having handed down the verdict on the best American 3-year-old of 1956, Hugh Fontaine allowed himself the same privilege which Needles apparently takes completely for granted: that of catnapping leisurely until it's time to go to work.

There's no use pretending that Needles' victory in the 82nd Derby later in the day will be ranked quite alongside that of Whirlaway's record-setting triumph in 1941, but it was, nonetheless, such an outstanding performance on the part of both horse and rider that it must immediately elevate Needles from the position of being not just the best 3-year-old of the spring but a colt quite worthy of winning every major 3-year-old race in which he is entered for the remainder of the season.

GALLANTRY IN THE AFTERNOON

This, of course, means he could win the Triple Crown (Preakness on May 19 and Belmont on June 16), and become the first to do so since Citation in 1948. Say what you will about Needles racing in a year where the 3-year-olds are an ordinary lot. Say, if you prefer, that Needles can only deserve to be labeled the best of a common lot. But deny, if you can, that Needles on last Saturday afternoon in Louisville achieved honorable stardom through as gallant a show of courageous running as many of us will see for a very long time to come.

It was a foregone conclusion that Needles would come away from his inside post position far back of the pace-setters, that he would hardly be in the race for the first three quarters of a mile. Needles disappointed nobody in this respect. He loped out of the gate so far behind Terrang, Fabius and Invalidate that in no time at all it appeared that in the six-week interval since his last race he had completely forgotten his mission in life. Past the stands they sped the first time—with the front pack made up of Terrang and Fabius, then Head Man and No Regrets and Ben A. Jones. When Terrang clicked off the first six furlongs in 1:11⅗, Needles had only one horse—High King—beaten in the 17-horse field. His jockey, Dave Erb, so weak from a four-day attack of flu that he would have canceled his mounts had it been any day but Derby Day, was frankly worried.

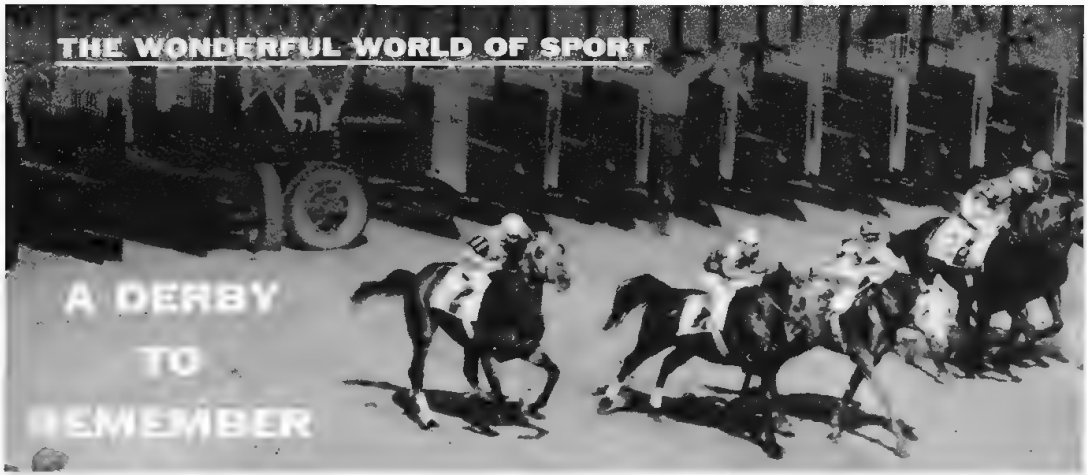
"First we got a little pinched by Career Boy, unintentionaliy, I know, on the first turn," said Erb afterward. "Then he turned the bit loose and he acted like he didn't want to go, and for a few seconds I didn't know what he was going to do. I thought to myself, what the hell is coming off here. Then it happened. Needles is a headstrong horse who knows his business, and suddenly, after he scared me at the five-eighths pole, he opened up."

When Needles started his move it was a brilliant spectacle to watch. Erb estimates—perhaps over-conservatively—that he made up 15 lengths. It seemed more like 20. But when he

(continued on page 78)

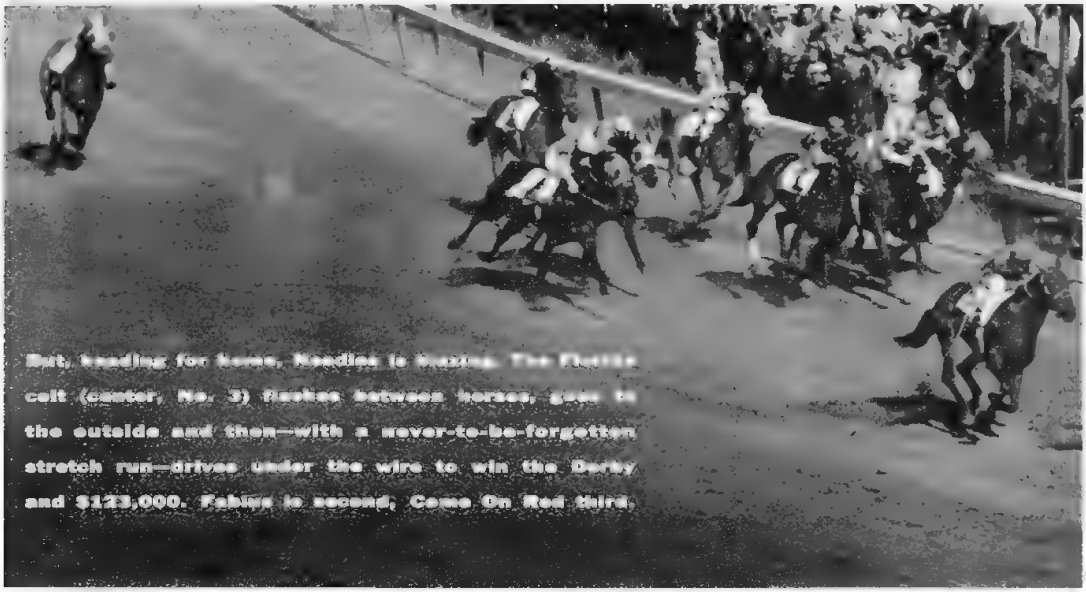
VICTORY SALUTES of Needles' happy owners, Odmen Bonnie Heath (with Mrs. Heath and Jackson Dudley, followed tense two minutes when Needles overtook entire field.

A DERBY TO REMEMBER



OUT OF THE GATE at Churchill Downs break the 17 best 3-year-olds of 1956 in the 82nd running of the Kentucky Derby. Getting away well on a fast track are such speed horses as Fabius and Terrang *(sixth and seventh from left)*, the roan Head Man

AROUND THE FIRST TURN and into the backstretch thunders the charge of the Derby brigade with Terrang *(on the outside)* dueling Ben A. Jones for the lead. At this point Fabius is third, two lengths back, and Head Man fourth, while No Regrets and



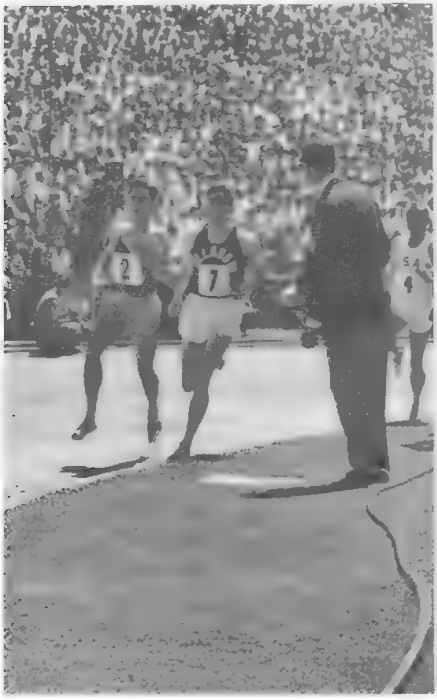
But, heading for home, Needles is blazing. The Florida colt (center, No. 3) flashes between horses, goes to the outside and then—with a never-to-be-forgotten stretch run—drives under the wire to win the Derby and $123,000. Fabius is second, Come On Red third.

(*fourth from right*), and stretch-running Count Chic No. 4. Needles, the Florida-bred favorite, also gets off fast from Post Position 1 but quickly eases up under Jockey Dave Erb to drop back and assume his customary position far astern of the leaders.

Invalidate (*on the rail*), two of the race's long shots, hang on close behind. Needles (*second from left*) moves peacefully along almost 20 lengths behind the front-runners, ahead of only one horse, High King, and is apparently content to lay back in the ruck.

IT'S DELANY 7) who sprints ahead at the gun, takes a 12-yard lead over Landy (1) on the first turn while Bailey (2) settles into third. But the world record holder closes the distance before the end of the second lap, moves into a commanding

lead at the start of the fourth (*below*) and appears a certain winner until Bailey makes his move.



Within minutes of the finish of the Kentucky Derby the eyes of the nation were drawn by TV to Los Angeles and the tingling mile race in which the great John Landy was running on U.S. soil for the first time

IT'S BAILEY by a yard at the finish as a blistering kick sends him past Landy and over the line in 3:58.6 while a tired Delany trails far behind.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KAUFFMAN AND RICHARD MEEK

VAULTING AMERICANS

DONALD GEORGE BRAGG of Villanova sprints down the runway at nine yards a second. His pole slams into the vaulting box. As Bragg absorbs the shock, his muscles bulge like a shot-putter's. He swings smoothly up to a near handstand, flies away over the 15-foot bar and tumbles triumphantly back into the pit (*see page 24*).

For 60 years the U.S.'s surest bet for an Olympic gold medal in track and field has ridden on the seemingly free and easy style of pole vaulters like Don Bragg. There are today several Europeans within wriggling distance of the Olympic record of 14 feet 11 inches set by Bob Richards in 1952, but a number of Americans, including Richards, are solidly beating it. In the 14 years since the world record holder, Cornelius Warmerdam of California, hung a 15-foot 7¾-inch ceiling over his competitors' heads, six more Americans have

cleared 15 feet, and five of these are still competing. The Midwesterners, Richards and Don Laz, have been up there for more than six years. In the past year they have been joined by Bragg, Jerry Welbourn of Ohio and young Bob Gutowski of California.

Even for a vaulter as consistent as Bob Richards, winner of 100 major titles, a 15-foot vault never comes as easy as it may seem to a spectator. No expert can say with any certainty whether the next Olympic champion will be the veteran Richards or a promising comer like Bragg or some 14-footer come suddenly from nowhere. Moreover, though vaulting has evolved in the past 30 years into an exact science of conditioning and technique and no one feels Warmerdam's record will last forever, no expert can surely say what sort of athletic background is likely to produce the next record breaker.

Warmerdam began vaulting in his

father's orchard as a grade-schooler with no finesse. During Warmerdam's peak years the current master of vaulting, Bob Richards, was an indifferent high school nine-footer preoccupied, he now relates, with becoming either a boxer or a juvenile delinquent. Richards bypassed both these early penchants and dedicated himself to the ministry, gymnastics, football and the pole vault. While Richards was pushing up through the vaulting ranks 10 years ago, in the woods where the Delaware River rolls past Penns Grove, N.J., Donald Bragg, age 10, was swooping 60 feet through the air from tall oak to tall oak, emitting the soprano bellows of a young ape. Young Bragg aspired to be a Tarzan, and in the process he developed a tremendous body frame, the pectoral muscles and arms of a stevedore and a hand grip that would make an oyster wince.

Fearing other kids with less jungle

skill might get hurt following Bragg through the bowers, the Penns Grove police twice tore up the elaborate arrangement of ropes Bragg rigged in the woods and bade Bragg cease and desist. The police—indeed almost all Penns Grove—now view Don Bragg's current Tarzanville (*see above*) as a point of curious pride. In summer when Bragg's competitive vaulting is through for the year and the mosquitoes are not too fierce from the bogs, the traffic through the trees becomes quite heavy. There may be a dozen Penns Grovians out in Tarzanville, some watching and picnicking and the rest playing tag, swinging 20 feet up in the trees over a 600-foot course. It is something of an honor

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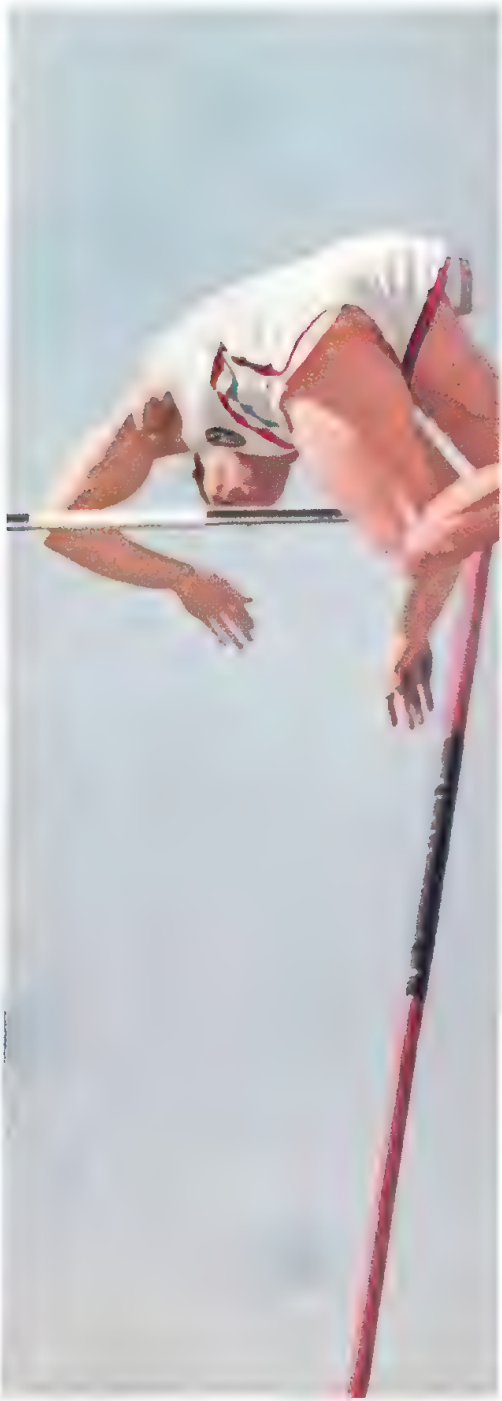
BRAGG TAKES OFF, muscles bulging as they absorb the shock. On the following pages SI cameras show Bob Richards in action and Bragg as he plummets into the pit.

NOVA

The world's vaulting master at the crucial instant: with the bar at 14 feet 9 inches, Olympic Champion Bob Richards pushes up two and a half feet higher than his grip on the pole and arcs over with a half foot to spare



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

A BOW FOR THE OFFICIALS ● A DAY WITH ROCKY'S MAMA ● A HORSE FOR MR. FITZ ● RACE WITHOUT JULEPS ● WHITHER THE LITTLE GOLF BET ● HONEST WRESTLING LAYS AN EGG

CRACKDOWN

IT WAS a week of redemption for college sport, and its administrators were entitled to take a bow.

In New Orleans the National Collegiate Athletic Association, in congress assembled, proved that it meant to enforce its 1952 housecleaning resolutions on the recruiting of college athletes. For varying offenses, the NCAA put six colleges on probation: Mississippi College, Texas A & M and Kansas—one year apiece; Louisville and Florida—two years; Alabama Polytechnic Institute—three years and the threat of permanent expulsion. In most cases it meant no postseason games, no participation in NCAA championships.

Out west the Pacific Coast Conference put the University of Washington on two years' probation because of its downtown slush fund for football players (SI, Feb. 20). That meant no NCAA championships, no Rose Bowl and no share of Rose Bowl receipts.

VICTORIOUS MAMA

JOAN FLYNN DREYSPOOL, who has written a pair of conversation pieces on Rocky Marciano by now—the latest just last week—has sent SI an informal dispatch beginning: "I know now where Rocky gets his endurance. From his mother."

To this observation Mrs. Dreyspool attaches a condensed diary of two days and a night with Mama Marchegiano.

Samples:

Monday: 12:45 p.m. Picked Mama up at Belmont-Plaza. She excited over prospect of luncheon at Toots Shor's. "Be home by 5 o'clock," said Papa, still in bed, nursing his gout.

In taxi, Mama said, "You know, Joanie, my husband quiet man. I say, 'If I be quiet too, what about the children?' So all my life I make myself do lotsa things. Sometimes my husband and Rocky get mad at me, but I do things anyway."

Arrive at Toots Shor's, 1 p.m. Toots gives royal treatment. Introduces us to Ford Frick, and everybody congratulates Mama that Rocky retired.

"I'm very hap'," she kept repeating. Toots sends over Italian waiter to take Mama's order in Italian, and she beamed with delight.

"Joe DiMaggio's on his way over," Toots told her. "I hope he gets here before you leave."

He did, and Mama was thrilled. "DiMag-g-g," she called him. She told him she has a son, Louis, who plays baseball.

"You very handsome fella," she said, and DiMaggio looked better than I ever saw him.

3:30 p.m. Arrived 30 minutes late at Bill Leonard's (CBS) office where Mama was to do a transcription for his *This Is New York* program. Told Bill that Mama wanted to meet Perry Como, had tried to get tickets to his program but couldn't. Leonard got Como on the phone for Mama.

"I want to meet you so many time," Mama said. "I enjoy your television show so much."

Perry kept repeating: "I'm so happy he retired. I used to suffer too much when he used to fight. I was afraid he would get hurt."

"Lotsa luck, Per," Mama said, "Don't work too hard. I pray for you."

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

- **Duty's Call**

  Jim Bailey, heading back to school after beating John Landy in a 3:58.6 mile, said he probably wouldn't be around to try again this weekend at Fresno. The University of Oregon has a meet scheduled, needs his help.

- **An Ounce of Prevention**

  Italy's famed Mille Miglia, one of the world's great automobile races, may be run no more— at least in its classic proportions. For safety's sake, and in view of the five deaths in the latest race (SI, May 7), the event may be held in the future on a closed 100-mile course.

- **Victory Through Air Power**

  Italian political pamphlets, dropped from a low-flying plane, showered down on an international horse show in Rome, hit French jumper Bagatelle on the nose, sent him pitching away only one hurdle from victory. The winners by default—but with help from their air arm: the Italians.

- **High Speed at the Brickyard**

  Bob Sweikert, 1955 Indianapolis "500" winner, unofficially cracked the Speedway record with a lap at 143.839 mph, said the new surface is so fast he doubts that 145 will win the pole position this year.

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When she hung up, she was blushing like a schoolgirl. "Wait till I tell them at home I talk to Per Como," she said.

After taping the show, Mama wanted to go to Lane Bryant's to buy a bathing suit, but we didn't have time. "Let's go to St. Patrick's church," she said. "I want to light candle."

It was a lovely sunny day and standing on the corner of 50th and Madison, right near Cardinal Spellman's house, I said, "Let's go see if Cardinal Spellman is home."

"Fine," Mama said. "He Massachusetts boy. Rocky knows him."

A few minutes after we were ushered into a waiting room, the Cardinal walked in, grinning from ear to ear. "I think Rocky made the right decision," he said. He and Mama talked some in Italian. He gave us rosaries, and Mama promised to send him some pictures of Rocky for his sister's family.

Then we went to St. Patrick's. "Where St. Anthony?" Mama asked. "He my favorite saint." We couldn't find St. Anthony. Mama stopped at St. Joseph's statue. "Joanie," she asked, "you think it's all right I light two candles here for St. Anthony?" She did and lit other candles too and prayed. ("It's not right," she had told Cardinal Spellman, "just to light candles when you want something. You have to thank Him, too.")

Wednesday night we went to Shor's again. Jackie Gleason joined us and Mama, a diplomat, told Jackie she always watches his show too. "We switch back and forth," she said.

"Look, Jackie," she said, "we're both fat but we're both happy people." Mama also discussed the possibility of making a match between her 15-year-old son and Jackie's 14-year-old daughter.

Then she told Gleason about the Sunday dinners at her house, with the family and all her children, and Gleason looked at her with his heart in his eyes. "Sundays are the best," he said.

Papa's gout and all, we stayed up until 2 in the morning. "Come to Brockton," Mama told me. "I make your favorite dish—ravioli, lasagna, spaghetti—whatever you like."

THE KINDLING EYE

SUNNY JIM FITZSIMMONS did not go to Louisville last Saturday. He did not have a Derby-quality horse this spring and, besides, he was occupied elsewhere. At Jamaica, Nashua was running in the Grey Lag Handicap, and Mr. Fitz was there, watching. He saw Nashua come out of the starting gate, stumble and fall to his knees, then go on to win over a field that carried from eight to 19 pounds less than he did. The winner's purse put Nashua only $8,145 short of Citation's record earnings of $1,085,760. On May 30, in Belmont's $50,000 Metropolitan mile, he will be out to set a new record. And Mr. Fitz obviously has the powerful bay at peak form.

All of which would seem sufficient reason for an 81-year-old gentleman to be cheerful as he goes about the task of training his Thoroughbred charges at Aqueduct track on Long Island. But the clear blue Fitzsimmons eyes twinkle extra brightly these days. Nashua

is one reason, and there's another: a handsome dark bay 2-year-old named Bold Ruler, trained by Mr. Fitz for the Wheatley Stable. Three times, Sunny Jim has sent Bold Ruler to the post this season and three times he has won, his latest a three-and-a-half-length victory in the Youthful Stakes at Jamaica last week.

"Of course, a lot of stables haven't even come to the races yet," says Mr. Fitz, "but Bold Ruler has beaten every horse we've asked him to beat so far. We'll enter him in the Juvenile at Belmont, June 6. He'll go on up to Saratoga [for the Hopeful] and back here to Belmont for the Futurity. We'll see how he does in those really tough races before we know just how good he is." A typically cautious Fitzsimmons estimate, but delivered with a crinkly smile that is a dead giveaway of his high opinion of the colt's early showing.

One extra reason for Mr. Fitz's kindling eye: Bold Ruler is a son of Nasrullah. Like Nashua.

Anyone making up a private future book on the 1957 Kentucky Derby may take note.

A LA MARYLAND

THERE WERE NO BANDS, no grandstands, no julep salesmen and no legal betting at the 60th run for the Maryland Hunt Cup. Yet in hunt racing (26 days in the spring and fall), the event is as traditional and important as the great spectacle at Churchill Downs. There is no track but a four-mile course flagged over 22 timber fences in a private valley some 20 miles from Baltimore.

There is little advance publicity, but some 15,000 people drive to the country first to picnic, then to watch *the* race from a grassy hillside. To the winner at Churchill Downs goes national acclaim, a trophy and $120,000 or more. To the winner of the Maryland Hunt Cup goes "a tankard of English design" valued at $100 and a challenge bowl which must be won three times by the same owner for permanent possession. The prestige of winning is the big reward.

There were no other races on the Hunt Cup card the other day. Around 3 p.m. the picnickers emptied their Martini shakers, closed hampers and drifted to the spots of vantage. Some chose the steep and windy hillside, where they could pluck violets if they cared to while waiting for 4 o'clock and the start. Others walked carefully around dried cow cakes and took stations by the often deadly third and 13th fences. There was no public address system, and the horses paraded to the post without benefit of music. There was no starting gate, so the horses were walked to the beginning of the course, lined up and sent off.

The nine starters safely cleared the first two oak-and-locust fences. At the third, Mrs. William J. Strawbridge's Land's Corner, winner of last year's Cup, running third, took a fall, bringing the top rail down and pinning his hind legs between the bars. At the seventh fence Thomas Nichols' Starboard, then running third, went down. Bliss Flaccus' Gold Tar, out in front, fell at the eighth, regained his feet and kept running, but his rider, Eugene Weymouth, was carried to a Baltimore hospital with bumps and abrasions.

And so it went. At the finish it was an 11-year-old gelding named Lancrel, owned by Hugh O'Donovan of Pikesville, Md., who charged past, 12 lengths in front. Hillside spectators wandered down from the violet patches. Lancrel was led up to the paddock. The tankard of English design was presented to his owner. It had been a beautiful if somewhat costly race. Next year—same time, same place—the 61st Maryland Hunt Cup.

A WORD FOR THE OLD HEAVE HO

DEEPDALE HAS BECOME a dirty word in golf these days, and it would seem almost axiomatic that a Calcutta pool would be about as welcome at a golf tournament as a snake at a picnic. Yet it is by no means that simple.

Plenty of amateur golfers with enough walking-around money to make a friendly wager on the links resent the growing movement to outlaw the Calcutta, particularly when it involves their own home clubs.

After the Deepdale scandal last fall (SI, Nov. 14), when a couple of ringers playing under phony names helped engineer a huge betting coup in that club's Calcutta, the U.S. Golf Association added a new section to its rules defining conduct which can "cause forfeiture of amateur status." The new rule bans "any conduct, including activities in connection with golf gambling, which is considered detrimental to the best interests of the game." Fuzzy as this wording is, it does hold a threat over the heads of the better

continued on next page

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players and was at least a first step towards legislating the Calcuttas out of existence. Nonetheless, the Calcuttas persisted this past winter, especially in the Southwest and along the mink-and-Jaguar circuit of the southern resorts.

With summer coming on, the average golfer is likely to find himself face to face with the problem before long. Most clubs have a harmless little Calcutta or auction of some kind during the season, and who is to say that it is wrong? Where does one draw the line between modest club gambling and the big member-guest Calcuttas which attract the high-winding sharpies and their fabricated handicaps?

According to William Campbell, the 1955 Walker Cup captain and one of the pillars of U.S. amateur golf, the solution is to knock off all gambling at the large "guest or invitational tournaments." Among his reasons: "Just one chiseler can take advantage of all the honest players and give the whole affair a black eye."

To back up this position, Campbell recently circulated a resolution to the country's leading amateurs. "For the benefit of golf," it said, "we hereby agree that we will not permit our names to be used or sold in any auctions of players or teams in any so-called Calcutta pool or similar activity attendant to any invitational or guest tournament. Recognizing organized gambling as a threat to the game of golf, we urge all amateur golfers to join us in this resolution."

When Campbell released the resolution to the press it carried 240 signatures, among them such distinguished golfing names as Dick Chapman, Johnny Dawson, Ken Venturi, Robert A. Gardner, Hillman Robbins and Walker Cuppers Jimmy Jackson and Dale Morey. Since some great names were conspicuous by their absence, Campbell was quick to point out that some of the addressees may not have received their copies in time to return them, either because he had the wrong address or because they were away from home. For instance, National Amateur Champion Harvie Ward's signature arrived more than a week later.

Be that as it may, it is still true that the stand of Campbell and the USGA on gambling is by no means unanimous. There are a good many honorable men who demur on the principle that nobody should supervise morals on the links. Where will it stop? they ask. What about drinking? Or playing golf on Sunday?

Deep is the Deepdale scar, and it may take more than rules and resolutions to erase it. For instance, it may take just the innate honesty and good sense of the American sportsman who is perfectly capable of giving a rascal the old heave ho when he finds him cluttering up the tee or the locker room.

BUT NOT FOR TELEVISION

THEY WERE TELLING a story before the Olympic wrestling trials at Los Angeles about the AAU official who approached a television producer and suggested telecasting the matches to help raise funds to send the U.S. team to Melbourne. The television man was interested right away.

"Tell me," he said, "do you have lots of guys with the purple and gold robes with sequins, things like that?"

The AAU man shook his head. The television man's face fell.

"Well," he said, "you do have a couple of guys with marcelled blond hair or some characters who wear monocles?"

The AAU man was sorry.

"You got some guys," the television man insisted, "who wear black masks or spiked helmets? I mean you got some heroes and some villains, haven't you?"

The AAU man had to say no again.

"Well," said the television man, looking at the AAU official as a man more to be pitied than censured, "well, Buster, there will be no television. But I'll give you a little advice. *Get yourself an act!*"

GAME POSTPONED

The woeful fan, his day a wreck,
Intones this sad refrain—
How much rain would a raincheck check
If a raincheck could check rain?

—EDITH BLANCHARD

The television man was wasting his breath. For to the almost 200 young men entered in the Olympic trials, wrestling is a high and holy art, its practice as ritualistic as incense burning. There is nothing funny about it. And the small but devoted band of spectators who followed the week-long, morning-to-midnight parade of matches like it that way.

An amateur wrestling match is a 15-minute contest of strength between two men in a 20-foot-square ring which has no ropes. There are two divisions of competition: freestyle and Graeco-Roman. Freestyle is governed by a complicated set of rules and in Graeco-Roman there is an additional rule against all holds below the waist. Many of the freestyle wrestlers at Los Angeles also doubled in Graeco-Roman. Eight freestyle and eight Graeco-Roman wrestlers are scheduled to make the boat for Australia, but because of doubling in the classifications, there will be fewer than 16 men on the U.S. team (*see* SCOREBOARD).

Although most of the competition in the tryouts went according to form, there was one startling upset. In a freestyle match, Dan (Homicide) Hodge, the U.S. middleweight champion, was expected to have an easy time with a lanky young man from Illinois named Bill Smith. Smith, a winner of the Olympic welterweight title at Helsinki in 1952, was on the run from the start of the match. Hodge, stalking him like Marciano after Moore, became impatient and, with only 2:35 gone, lunged for Smith's leg. Smith went down, then rolled over atop Hodge and for a fleeting second, Homicide's shoulders brushed the mat. In amateur wrestling that is enough and the referee's and judges' hands shot up to signal the fall.

Hodge couldn't believe it. Neither could Smith, who protested:

"If it was anyone but you, Dan! I *know* you're a better wrestler than me. I would be happy if it was anyone but you."

Then Smith confided: "It was my whizzer. That's a hold I practice. He went after my leg and held on a little too long. I just whipped him over and that was it. He got careless." Later Hodge made the U.S. team in the Graeco-Roman division.

The conclusion from these and other matches by those who follow the amateur sport: the U.S. will have a formidable team at Melbourne, capable of giving serious competition to such powerhouse teams as those of Sweden and Turkey.

A HORSE WITH NO RETURN

That, unfortunately, was Needles, as far as Roger Horlick was concerned. In this Louisville letter to Albert Magill at Happy Knoll he tells what happened

by JOHN P. MARQUAND

AUTHOR JOHN P. MARQUAND IN THE STANDS AT CHURCHILL DOWNS

Letter from Mr. Roger Horlick, member of the Board of Governors of the Happy Knoll Country Club, to Mr. Albert Magill, president emeritus of the Happy Knoll Country Club.

Dear Albert:

It was a beautiful day yesterday at the Derby, and occasionally I wished that you were with me to enjoy the sunshine, the quaint intricacies of the delightful old, though overgrown, clubhouse and the betting areas on the Churchill Downs course. Frankly nothing much has seemed to have changed there since you and I were college boys attending our first race with our fathers—except that it is easier by far to get to the $2 windows than it used to be and except that the juleps appear to have grown noticeably weaker under the impact of the years. I wished several times, too, that you might have seen the beautiful tulips in the courtyard and some of the quaint characters there, including a gentleman named Diamond Jim Moran, who I believe is the proprietor of a restaurant in New Orleans. You would have especially enjoyed his diamond-studded spectacles and, though I did not see him do it, I heard that when asked by the press for a photograph he retired for a few moments in order to place diamond fillings in his teeth. There were lots of other quaint characters also, including the confidence men, and the '56 model is as agile and streamlined as this year's two-toned cars—but the plain-clothes detective force, on the other hand, looked as conservative as ever. As I say, I often wished that you had been there, though on the whole I am glad you were not because we would have quarreled over our bets and we might have had very hard words indeed regarding Needles, the Derby winner who, as you may have read already in the papers, is by way of becoming a rugged individualist. I used my best judgment in placing my own money as well as the sum with which you entrusted me.

I am sorry I did not put our money on Needles, as I was told to do by wise observers, but then I seldom do put it on a winning horse either in Kentucky or Miami. Nevertheless, I had what I thought were valid reasons for not betting on Needles in the Kentucky Derby. When I was introduced to Needles and to his trainer, Mr. Fontaine, before the race, I frankly was not satisfied by Needles' attitude. I admit now that this was my fault, not Needles'! It was early in the morning when we got to the stables at Churchill Downs. Mr. Fontaine was looking dour, for which I could not blame him, since the day of the Derby is calculated to put a strain on anyone connected with a stable. He was patting the head of a golden retriever, one of my favorite dogs—which made me feel what a nice horse Needles must be to have such a discriminating trainer as Mr. Fontaine. I was not even deterred when I was told that Mr. Fontaine would never give out any information whatsoever. He only said that Needles was asleep, which was only half correct because Needles was only half asleep. He was lounging in his non-fireproof stall—Churchill Downs, like its stables, is a most venerable track—eating hay in the same careless manner that a juvenile delinquent might chew bubble gum. I had been told already that Needles was a lazy horse, that he hated to go out on the track to breeze and that he, as I do myself, dislikes exercise.

Still, it honestly did seem to me that Needles on the morning of the great race, which dawned, as they used to say in my childhood books, bright and clear, should have been a little more on the ball than he was. Needles should have been, I thought, more like his contemporaries over in the C. V. Whitney compound. Career Boy, when I saw him, had recovered from a game hoof and he was literally quivering with excitement as he waited in his stall to face the great ordeal. The same, it seemed to me, was true with Head Man, even if he lacked something of Career Boy's anxiety. Also at the Calumet Farm Stables, Fabius, I thought, showed a laudable sense of sound responsibility. He was waiting, ready to go, not loafing around or goofing off, as our young generation puts it, like Needles. I realize now that I was unduly influenced by early conditioning. It did not occur to me that Needles might have his own original and rather sound ideas. The truth was that Needles knew more about the Kentucky Derby than I did, though I cannot understand how he learned about it. I hesitated to put our money on him when the hour came and, up to the last moments of the race, was convinced that I was right in betting on the Whitney Stables all the way across the board.

Obviously Needles did not enter into any of the excitement until the final seconds of that two minutes which brings everyone to Kentucky, and on the whole I must continue to believe that he was against the spirit of the

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CONVERSATION PIECE:

SUBJECT: BABE AND GEORGE

Before Babe Didrikson Zaharias entered the hospital recently with new complications in her continuing struggle with cancer, she and her husband George received Joan Flynn Dreyspool at their Tampa, Florida home. This is the story of that visit, a warm and moving picture of the great woman athlete's happy marriage, and of her quiet and courageous battle with the illness which so unexpectedly struck her down in her prime.

SH-SH-SH," George Zaharias cautioned. "Babe is sleeping. Yesterday we went to St. Pete to the Ladies' PGA. Babe presented the prizes. When she walked up on the green, they all applauded for the longest time, the kind of applause that makes goose pimples—and Babe had 'em.

"She wants to go everywhere," he added, "but she pays for it."

His gaze strayed frequently to a black intercommunicating box in the kitchen wall of the Zahariases' modern redwood ranch house in Tampa, Fla. A similar black box was at his wife's bedside. When she awakened, she would call him.

"Babe designed this whole works here," he said, lighting a fire under the coffeepot.

The kitchen was big, airy, bright; full of copper and knotty pine and electric appliances. A round, Lazy Susan breakfast table was placed by a bay window that looked out on a patio and green lawn sloping into a small lake. To the right, a brassie shot away, was the Tampa Golf and Country Club which the Zahariases once owned but sold when the Babe became ill.

"The house was finished around June last year," Zaharias said. "We lived in it a week and had to leave. We were in the hospital ever since and just got back a couple of weeks ago. We were back once before for a month, and then she had to go away again."

The former wrestler spoke softly, quietly. His poised, ingratiating manner and the easy fluidity of his speech seemed in strange contrast to his ponderous size and cauliflower ears.

"You're drinking out of that Spode," he observed, pouring the coffee. "Babe loves that Spode. Must have been 17—18—years ago, I said to her, 'What's the matter with that other kind of dishes?'

" 'This is the kind I want,' she said."

There was a plaque on the wall, from the citizens of Tampa, with the symbols of track and field, basketball and golf engraved on it. "Presented to Babe Didrikson Zaharias," it read, "accorded the outstanding woman athlete of the half-century."

"We call this house 'Rainbow Manor,' " Zaharias explained. "When we came down here, we were walking between those trees." He gestured toward two wooden sentinels standing stately guard outside. "There was a big double rainbow between them. Babe put sticks there marking it.

" 'Honey, this is it,' I said.

" 'Yeah, Rainbow Manor,' she said.

"Would you like to see the house?" he asked hospitably.

A guest room and bath opened off the back of the kitchen, and to the side was a double garage with two Cadillacs in it. One of them had a sleeping bed fixed up in back for the Babe to stretch out on, since sitting for too long a time is painful for her.

In the thickly carpeted living room, softly lit shelves were filled with silver trophies of all shapes and sizes. Over the fireplace was a portrait of the Babe, painted in 1934.

FROM BABE TO GEORGE went this cartoon, a memento of their first night together. The caricatures were made at Sebastian's Cotton Club in Los Angeles.

ZAHARIAS

In a home hushed by illness, an ex-wrestler cares tenderly for the wife he adores, and reminisces with her about the great moments they have shared

by JOAN FLYNN DREYSPOOL

The face was young, eager, intense. Her light brown hair was brushed back in a boyish bob and she was wearing a sleeveless jersey.

To the right of the mantel, in what appeared to be a place of honor, a glass-enclosed shadow box held a red satin, heart-shaped candy box cover, decked in ribbons and roses and set on black velvet. On it, in gold, were the words, "To My Wife on Valentine's Day."

In the right wing of the house, there were two bedrooms, baths and a den. The door to the master bedroom was closed. There was still no sound from it.

George Zaharias walked quietly, speaking low if at all.

In the den, letters to be answered were piled on the desk. A guitar stood idly in the corner. More trophies lined the wall and were scattered unceremoniously on any available space.

"Look!" Zaharias opened a cupboard door and took out an old cardboard golf-ball box. "More medals."

They were tarnished and piled in a jumble. There were the Olympic championship medals she won in 1932, one for the 80-meter hurdles, the other for the javelin throw. There were medals for the AAU women's running broad jump; the AAU women's high jump; the AAU women's eight-pound shot put; and the AAU women's baseball throw. And the All American Women's Golf Championship; National Sports Award; Texas Hall of Fame; All-American women's basketball player and many more.

Zaharias opened a guest book. "We have our friends sign it," he said. "Babe likes that."

An entry marked 11/9/55 had Rocky Marciano's signature. "My big thrill, Babe," he had written. "It's been a long time coming."

Jack Dempsey, heavyweight champion of another era, had scrawled, "The greatest champion of all time, my pal, Babe."

Zaharias picked up a letter he had received that morning with a check enclosed to the "Babe Didrikson Zaharias Fund, Inc."

"When Babe got sick and was operated on," he explained, "people started sending money in and we didn't have any fund or anything. I asked Dr. Robert M. Moore, her doctor, what could be done to help fight cancer, and he said, 'George, we need two more clinics where people can go free and be examined for early detection.'

"Then John Sealy Hospital Medical Center in Galveston offered their entire staff, every department from pathology on down to further this. That's where the money goes. They've named it the Babe Zaharias Cancer and Tumor Clinic.

"We acknowledge everything that comes in. Just the other day, Babe said, 'Honey, I wish I could help you write these people and thank them.' "

Leading the way into a black-and-gold dressing room, Zaharias said proudly, "When Babe went to Atlanta once for a tournament, she drew the plans for this and the bathroom with two sinks and an extra big shower for me. She thinks of everything."

Perfume bottles and jars of cosmetics decorated the top of the mirrored dressing table.

Zaharias opened a closet door. Dozens of pairs of gold shoes, size 8B, were neatly stacked in boxes on an upper shelf.

Showing a lovely pastel mink stole, Zaharias said, "Babe has got furs she likes and a good watch, a good ring, good pearls, but as far as loading up with jewels and stuff like that, she

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FROM GEORGE TO BABE, this souvenir had memories of a gay evening. "I took her everywhere," George recalled. "I wanted to show her off to all my old pals."

FROM THE SANDLOTS OF BALTIMORE

ALBERT WILLIAM KALINE, one of the best schoolboy ballplayers in Baltimore's history (another, 40 years earlier, was a hulking youth named George Ruth), batted .333, .418, .469, .462 at Southern High, made All-State team each year. He signed with Detroit after graduation in June 1953 but played sparingly that season. In the following year, by then a full-time regular at 19, he batted a promising .276 but hit just four home runs, had only 43 runs batted in. His fielding, throwing arm, base running, however, were all considered outstanding. Kaline became a baseball headline quite abruptly early in 1955 when a blazing hitting spree suddenly made his extraordinary ability evident to all. He ended the season with a surprising .340 average (including 27 homers) to win the American League batting championship. His future is marvelous to contemplate. He wasn't 21 until late last December.

ON THE LOOKOUT

Al's discoverer, Ed Katalinas, is one of 350-odd big league talent scouts who comb the

"It takes longer to develop a good scout than a good ballplayer."
WISH EGAN

THE KID at second base was skinny and not very big but he had the good arm every scout looks for, and he could run. What he lacked in power, he made up for in poise at the plate. He stood up cleanly and smoothly and stroked the ball, and he ran the bases as if he owned them.

Ed Katalinas, veteran scout for the Detroit Tigers, smiled blissfully as he recalled that first revelatory look. "He was one of the golden boys," he said. "He was only 15 then, and I had heard about him the spring before, in '49. I had gone down to Baltimore to sign a boy named Johnson, Charley Johnson. Charley never made it, but I won't forget him. I was about to leave his house when he told me about this youngster in the neighborhood I ought to see. Said his name was Kaline. I didn't do anything about it until the next year, when I went back to look at Johnson's brother. The moment I saw Kaline, I forgot all about the brother.

"After the game I spoke to the kid and introduced myself. The poise came through in conversation too. He was shy, always had been, but there was no doubt about what he wanted to do. He wanted to play baseball, period. I made a point right away of meeting his family. His father, Nick, worked in a broom factory, and he had several baseball-mad uncles who followed him around from game to game. I got to be friends with all of them."

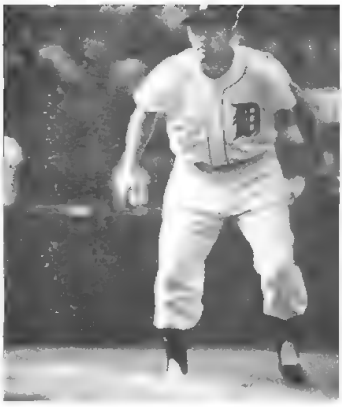
Katalinas paused. The memory was worth savoring, and he savored it. "I saw him twice that year and came back in the spring, when he was a junior at Southern High. He had begun to put on some weight and was hitting the ball harder and longer. He was playing in the field then, and his arm was stronger than ever. By the middle of the season he was already the most touted and scouted boy in Baltimore. He was playing ball constantly, on the high school team, with the Westport Post No. 33 of the American Legion and in the recreational leagues. Some days he'd play three games, with the 14–16 age group, the 16–18 and the unlimited. His uncles would drive him around from game to game, and he'd change uniforms in the car. I'd be there too, as often as I could, and I felt that every time Al saw me I'd make him believe in Detroit as much as I believed in him. Pretty soon I started driving him around from park to park myself. I began to figure what he'd be worth. The family wasn't too well off and it was obvious they'd want bonus money."

Baseball scouting rules forbid the signing of a boy when he is still in high school, but nothing prohibits a scout from getting acquainted with a prospect. In the case of a budding star like Albert Kaline, the acquaintance burgeons quickly into wooing. By the time he had won the Lou Gehrig Trophy at the annual Hearst All-Star Game in New York in 1951 and starred at the playoffs of the All-American Amateur Baseball Association in Johnstown, Pa., Kaline had more suitors than he could shake a bat at. Nearly all of the major league teams had become very interested, but the Phillies and Cardinals were especially high on him, and Katalinas knew what he was up against.

ONE MINUTE PAST MIDNIGHT

"In June 1953 I told Johnny McHale, our farm director, that I was going to put all my eggs in one basket and concentrate on Kaline," Katalinas continued. "McHale, who had already sold Spike Briggs, the president, and Muddy Ruel, our general manager, gave me the go-ahead. I went on up to Baltimore and holed up in a hotel in the lower part of town several days in advance of Al's graduation, on the 17th. I dropped in on Al and his parents a couple of times and then asked for an appointment at one minute past midnight—the first minute of the morning of the 18th, when I could legally tender him a contract. 'Ed,' said Nick Kaline, 'that won't be necessary. Al's got a date with his girl. Around 10 in the morning will be okay.' I didn't sleep much, and got to the house 10 sharp. We talked in general first, and then specifically. I mentioned taxes, and somewhere along the line I dropped the figure of $30,000. I sensed that Al had about that much

. . . AND MADISON'S GREEN FIELDS



HARVEY EDWARD KUENN was one of the last bonus players to be signed under the old rule which permitted bonus babies to be farmed to the minors. Kuenn, fresh off the University of Wisconsin campus, descended into the tradition-encrusted Three-Eye League, hit a brisk .340 while playing shortstop for Davenport and promptly rose to Detroit. Called up at the tail end of the 1952 season to the Tigers, who were finishing a dismal last (the only time Detroit ever did finish last), Kuenn hit .325 in 80 times at bat, a rather remarkable performance for a green rookie. The following season Kuenn took over as the regular shortstop and had a season such as little boys dream of. He played in 155 games, set a new American League record with 679 at bats, led the league with 209 base hits, batted .308 and was voted Rookie of the Year. He hit .306 in 1954, equaled that mark again in 1955.

FOR A KALINE

country year round in search for more young players **by ROBERT SHAPLEN**

in mind. McHale was waiting at the phone in Detroit if I had to go higher. Al went back into the kitchen where his mother was cooking lunch, and I waited with my fingers crossed. When he reappeared, he was smiling that nice kid's smile of his. 'Okay, Ed,' he said, 'we'll accept your offer.' "

Typically, Kaline insisted on staying in Baltimore two more days to fulfill an amateur playing date he had promised to keep. The phone at his home rang steadily all that weekend with other offers. Katalinas went happily home to Shenandoah, Pa. and returned to Baltimore on Monday to deliver Al personally to the Tigers in Philadelphia. It had been an expensive few days for Detroit. They had also signed Bob Miller, a big southpaw pitcher, for $55,000.

Katalinas still corresponds regularly with Kaline's parents and uncles. "I liked him because he was so sincere," Kaline says. "He was never a pest even though he was around so much. I knew he was telling the truth about the Tigers needing outfielders too, and I figured I'd be playing regular a lot sooner in Detroit than anywhere else."

The discovery and capture of Kaline is typical of the persistence and patience with which a topflight baseball scout such as Katalinas plies his trade in today's harshly competitive baseball climate. Scouting is seldom as readily rewarding as it was in the case of the Tigers' bright young star. It is full of disappointments and uncertainties. Several weeks ago, Katalinas, a burly man of 46 who is naturally deliberate in all his actions, parked his Pontiac at the top of the hill above the diamond on the campus of the University of Richmond and climbed out. The game between the U. of R. and Virginia Military Institute would not start for another three hours, but Katalinas had come early because he was worried. The day before, he had heard about an operation on the leg of Eugene (Buck) Luck, the star center fielder of Richmond. Katalinas had been pursuing Luck for four years, and now, to all the other intangibles that normally give a scout pause, here, on an important prospect, was added this fresh imponderable.

The trim, 22-year-old Buck Luck —no one, not even his family, ever calls him Eugene—was worried too. Ever since he had been old enough to swing a bat, Buck had been dreaming of being a major leaguer. He debated finishing college because he had figured it would shorten his professional

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ON TIGERTOWN TOWER, Detroit eastern-area scout Ed Katalinas instructs, grades promising rookies, some his own finds, at Lakeland, Fla. spring training camp.

LOOKOUT FOR KALINE

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career, and now, with graduation approaching, a foolish intramural touch-football injury threatened everything. He had been assured the leg would be all right—he was already playing on it—but Buck wondered if the scouts would be as sanguine as the surgeons.

Katalinas found Buck lounging outside the gymnasium door.

"Hello, Bucky," he said, grinning. "You look a bit thin."

Katalinas waited a moment. "How's the leg?" he asked, cautiously.

"You heard about it?" Buck said. "I was wondering if you'd be back."

"Well, I'm here," Katalinas said. After another pause, he repeated, more anxiously, "How is it?"

"I'm running pretty good," Buck said, "but I'm not hitting. My timing's way off."

"That's natural," Katalinas replied, reassuringly. He asked if the leg interfered with throwing. Buck confessed that it did, and Katalinas warned him to take it easy. An arm could be permanently damaged as a result of a leg injury, as many a pitcher has sadly discovered. And a good arm in any ballplayer was the first thing a scout looked for. Then speed, and the swish of a bat.

Pop Dawson, a Yankee scout who lived near by and who had also been tailing Buck, spotted Katalinas and Luck and came over to exchange the customary pleasantries with his competitor. Katalinas knew Dawson would steer clear of business, so he determined to make the best of his opportunity, without overdoing it. It was too soon, and in a sense unfair to Buck, to commit himself on the prospect.

"When do you think you might be ready to talk?" Katalinas asked.

Buck named a date and Katalinas quickly wrote it down in his black notebook. This was the sort of information that counted. As Buck waved and went inside to get into his uniform, Katalinas moved off, bought himself a popsicle, and sat down in the shade to wait for the two teams to appear.

During pregame fielding practice, he busied himself in the way of all modern scouts. He carefully watched the players perform and made a series of cryptic jottings on a printed rectangular filler card. Using numbers one through five, with one representing the best, he rated each player on his arm, running, fielding, batting and throwing. Under "Notes," he either wrote NP for no prospect, F for follow-up, a check for further follow-up in the case of a player he had seen before and liked, and S for sign if possible. Katalinas keeps such a record for every game he sees.

A CROSSHATCH SCIENCE

None of this is ivory hunting in the old sense. Ed Katalinas is one of several dozen topflight men, such as Joe Mathes of the Cardinals, Cy Slapnicka of the Indians and Tom Greenwade of the Yankees (*see below*), who perforce have changed scouting since the war from random flushing of the bushes into a crosshatch science that is a combination of salesmanship, diplomacy, psychoanalysis, cost accounting and statistics. Few are the general managers or managers who would not agree that such scientific scouting is the key to a team's success and to the success of a farm system.

There are about 2,000 officially registered major league scouts today, of whom some 350 are full-time regulars assigned to regional beats. The rest are part-time regional men or fairly stationary sub-scouts, sometimes called "bird dogs," who work sporadically and get paid for what they produce. The Tigers, for example, have 21 regulars—Katalinas is eastern supervisor as well as scout in Pennsylvania, Virginia and Maryland—eight part-timers and 92 sub-scouts. A top scout can make as much as $15,000 plus expenses, and Detroit's entire scouting program costs about $250,000 a year. Heading it is 34-year-old McHale, a former substitute Tiger first baseman whose career was dimmed by Hank Greenberg and Rudy York and then cut short by an injury. In a short time he has become one of the sharpest young executives in baseball.

"Modern management procedures have spilled over into baseball," says McHale, who uses his degree in economics from Notre Dame to advantage. "Our competitors are not only other professional sports, which have grown more attractive and rewarding, but the whole expanding economy. A career in baseball is relatively short and risky. We can't, unless a boy is worth a bonus, offer enough at the outset to compete with business. There's where the intangibles come in, and there's where the burden on the scout is now so much greater than it used to be."

A modern scout must be able to gauge much more than "the simple tools of the trade"—the arm, the legs, the bat—McHale emphasizes. "Above

SIX GREAT SCOUTS—THEIR FINDS AND CHORES

JOE CAMBRIA, Washington Senators, discoverer of Ramos, Pascual and Marrero, is regarded as Latin American expert although he has also brought up such stars as Mickey Vernon, George Case, Eddie Yost.

TOM SHEEHAN, New York Giants, concentrates on other major league clubs, where he looks for weaknesses, possible trades. It was on Sheehan's advice that Giants obtained Jim Hearn from Cardinals.

BILL YANCEY, formerly scout for Milwaukee Braves, for whom he found Bill Bruton, was signed by Philadelphia Phillies last year to work in eastern region, keep eye out particularly for Negro prospects.

GEORGE MORIARITY TELLS HOW HE DISCOVERED KUENN

"I heard a little about a boy by the name of Kuenn when he was in high school somewhere up in Wisconsin, but I never saw him until he was at the school (University of Wisconsin) in Madison. I knew that some club offered him a D League contract in high school, so I guessed he didn't look like too much of a prospect. Still you can't take a chance on missing a boy, and I decided to look him up along with a couple of other boys at Wisconsin.

"A lot of people around didn't think too much of Harvey. They said he didn't charge on a grounder the right way and he lacked polish, but the minute I saw him I liked his size and disposition and I figured he'd learn. Harvey was polite and acted with deference toward his elders. And he made the play in the hole real good, a little rough, but real good, and I've always said 'the play in the hole proves the shortstop.'

"Against Kalamazoo, in his last game in college, Harvey had a bad Charley horse, but he made two of the greatest plays I've ever seen and, in the rain, too.

"John McHale, our minor league director, was there with me that day. We signed him up for a $55,000 bonus. We had to go high but John and Spike Briggs in the home office backed me all the way on signing him. Harvey's going to be around a long time. I've never seen anybody I liked better at shortstop, and I've seen them all—all the way back to Wagner."

all, he's got to be able to look into a boy's heart and mind. How serious is the boy about baseball? Will he stick it out, keep coming back to Tigertown as long as we want him to? The scout has to be intuitive in many of these judgments, and usually they can be made only by watching a prospect over a number of years. Increasingly, we find, the things that count are matters of background—discipline at home, strength of family stock, pride in accomplishment.

"There are added circumstances that make the job harder today. For one thing, boys get married sooner. If only they stayed single until they got as far as AAA ball, they'd be out of the woods! But they can't support a family on $40 or $50 a week in Class D or C. So they often quit. Since the GI bill, many more boys are seeking a college education because they realize they'll need it when their baseball careers are over. The biggest headache, though, is the bonus rule. A scout gets caught smack in the middle—between hesitating to recommend paying a price and being afraid to lose a good prospect."

The scouts, in McHale's opinion, are akin to brokers who have to recommend constant capital gain investments of a necessarily speculative nature to a sometimes testy client. Each February and March, the Tigers process 250 products of their scouting system through Tigertown, their training base in Lakeland, Fla., all but 20 or 25% of whom are rated good enough to be farmed out in April. On the basis of the 40-man Tiger squad (before it's cut to 25 during the regular season), McHale estimates that each player represents a four-year investment of $35,000 to the Tigers. This is a weighted figure that includes everything—bonus payments, scouting and other administrative and operating costs and the cost of the failures. (The boy who makes good in the minors but can't make the Tigers is not considered to be a failure: he also represents a considerable investment, depending on how long it took him to get where he is.)

Between the mid-'30s and the mid-'40s, when the Tigers won four pennants and finished second four times, they had an oldtime scouting staff led by Ed Goosetree, a bush-flusher par excellence, who uncovered such stars as Tommy Bridges, Pete Fox and Gerry Walker. Wish Egan, who was chief scout and a front-office policy maker as well until his death in 1951 and who was regarded as one of the wisest of baseball men, used to say that there were never more than five first-rate scouts in the business. Those were the days of widespread semipro and rural baseball, when a scout could move around all summer and not hit a town of 50,000 population.

During the war, when the Tiger farm system was allowed to fall apart, the scouting staff dropped from 12 to four, but in the postwar period, McHale, who learned a lot from Egan, has resuscitated the scouting program to meet the demands of the day. With the exception of two or three oldtimers

continued on next page

JOE MATHES, chief of St. Louis Cardinal scouting system, is called in whenever large financial sums are involved. An ex-manager in the minors, he plays important role in Cardinals' spring training sessions.

TOM GREENWADE, once head scout with Brooklyn Dodgers and now with Yankees, is credited with turning up Mickey Mantle and Jackie Robinson. Other finds: George Kell, Gil Hodges and Rex Barney.

CY SLAPNICKA, formerly general manager and now a scout with Cleveland Indians, signed power Pitchers Bobby Feller and Herb Score. Strong Indian teams of the late '30s were made up of Slapnicka players.

LOOKOUT FOR KALINE

continued from page 35

such as George Moriarity, the former player, manager and umpire who has been able to make the transition from old-type bush-flushing to the new-type scientific scouting, the current Tiger scouts are mostly young men McHale selected and trained. They include such retired stars as Pitchers Willis (Ace) Hudlin and Lynwood (Schoolboy) Rowe, but the majority were chosen for their all-round intelligence and baseball judgment rather than for their professional playing experience.

Katalinas, though he has become thoroughly McHale-indoctrinated, got into scouting almost accidentally, through the Tiger front office. He was born in Shenandoah, Pa., where his father, John, a coal miner, was a baseball bug who fervently hoped one of his four sons would become a big leaguer. They all turned out to be football partisans. Ed starred at Shenandoah High School and then was a tackle at Georgetown University, where he became acquainted with Walter O. (Spike) Briggs, now president of the Tigers. After graduation, Katalinas taught educational guidance and also coached football at Shenandoah High, played some semipro football and later semipro baseball.

In 1940, having had one experience scouting, Katalinas wrote to his friend Briggs and asked for a summer scouting job. Briggs offered him a few hundred dollars and expenses, and Katalinas started wandering around the northeastern part of Pennsylvania. At Reading High School he spotted a husky, 15-year-old sophomore named Victor Wertz who carried a big bat.

At that time a high school boy could be offered a contract at any point, and Katalinas eagerly followed Wertz around in summer recreation and American Legion Junior Baseball games.

At one point Katalinas thought he had lost Wertz to Brooklyn, but the Dodgers passed him up, and in 1942 Wertz told Katalinas he would sign with Detroit for a $5,000 bonus. The Tiger front office said no, but Wertz wanted to play so badly he finally asked Katalinas to arrange the best deal he could get. The Tigers thereupon signed him to a Winston-Salem (Class B) contract, with the promise of a retroactive bonus. When Wertz eventually reached Detroit, he got $3,500.

Katalinas did not become a full-time scout until 1945—he was still more interested in coaching football until then—but, as he looks back, he regards the Wertz find as in many ways his most significant. "It gave me confidence in my own judgment," he says. "I never even had minor league experience, but when Vic started to develop I knew I could spot a good ballplayer when I saw one. The big Dutchman always had a great desire to play, and I quickly realized how important that was."

Katalinas figures there are three kinds of boys a scout runs across. "First, there's the truly outstanding kid, blessed with all the tools, the arm, the legs, the bat, and with heart," he says. "You know right off you'll do everything to sign him. The second type will have pretty good tools. You

continued on page 65

BLUE CHIP PROSPECTS

PLAIN FULL NAME & PERMANENT ADDRESS

DATE 6/53

NAME: Kaline, Albert

STREET: 1312 Hammer Court

TELEPHONE:

CITY: Baltimore

STATE: Md.

BIRTH PLACE: Baltimore

PLACE & NAME OF LAST SEMI PRO OR [illegible] CLUB: United Iron, Southern H.S.

YEAR OF BIRTH	MONTH	DAY	HEIGHT	WEIGHT
1934	12	19	5 FT 10 IN	160

POSITION	BATS (R OR L)	THROWS (R OR L)	DRAFT STATUS, IN SERVICE OR VETERAN
2B-O.F.	R	R	

FAST RUN AVERAGE OR SLOW: fast

THROW: excellent

MARRIED? (YES OR NO): no

SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER: —

NATIONALITY:

COLLEGE OR HIGH SCHOOL ATTENDED: Southern High School, 1953 (IF GRADUATE GIVE YEAR)

DISPOSITION—AMBITIOUS OR OTHERWISE: ambitious, good

HABITS:

YEAR ENROLLED PRO BASEBALL: —

OCCUPATION OTHER THAN BASEBALL: none

DATE LAST OBSERVED: June '53

SIGNATURE: Ed Katalinas

PLAYING DATA

DETROIT BASEBALL COMPANY, BRIGGS STADIUM, DETROIT 16, MICHIGAN

1951 .418 - High School
1952 .469 - High School
1953 .462 - High School
Won Lou Gehrig Memorial Trophy.
Hearst All Star Game, Polo Grounds, '51

• Recommended by: Charley Johnston

• Address: Baltimore

The Baseball Blue Book, Inc., Fort Wayne,

FILE CARD printed on blue paper stock is reserved for top, blue chip prospects, such as Al Kaline (*above*). Scouts don't use form often, but when they do club officials pay strict attention. Most blue-chip prospects eventually sign big league contracts.

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SCOREBOARD

. . . THESE FACES IN THE CROWD . . .

Don Ferrarese, young rookie left-hander, lost 2-1 but made most of initial start for Baltimore Orioles, striking out 13 Cleveland Indians for best first-game American League performance since Bob Feller fanned 15 in 1937.

Mrs. W. Pepper Constable, newly ranked No. 1 among U.S. squash racquets players, comes by her ability naturally. Her mother Mrs. William Howe was a three-time national champion; twin sister Peggy won titles in 1952 and 1953.

RECORD BREAKERS

Duke's Dave Sime, getting off mark as fast as any man and faster than most, warmed up with near-record 0:09.4 for 100 and 0:20.3 for 220, placed in broad jump and discus but saved his best for last when he hurriedly rippled through 220-yard low hurdles in 0:22.2 for new world record at Durham, N.C. (May 5).

Parry O'Brien, California strong boy intent on discouraging pretenders to his ranking as world's best shotputter, hurled 16-pound ball 61 feet one inch, surpassed own world outdoor mark by three inches in exhibition at Salt Lake City (May 5).

Thelma Hopkins, high-stepping 19-year-old Queens University medical student, used her straddle style to soar over high-jump bar at 5 feet 8½ inches in Belfast to break world standard held by Russia's Alexandra Chudina (May 5).

BASEBALL

New York Yankees, getting plenty of slugging mileage from Mickey Mantle, Yogi Berra and Hank Bauer (13 homers) and pitching from Left-Hander Whitey Ford, won five out of seven from Detroit, Kansas City and Chicago, made signs of turning American League race into shambles. White Sox could beat only Washington in six games, dropped to fourth as Cleveland's Big Three, Early Wynn, Mike Garcia and Bob Lemon, brought Indians victories over Washington and Baltimore and second place behind New York.

Milwaukee, still plagued by bad weather, played only three times but edged Philadelphia 6–4, New York 3 2 to hold National League lead despite determined bid by Cincinnati, which used tremendous hitting power to take six out of seven, moved into runner-up spot. Faltering Dodgers finally ended four-game losing streak by beating St. Louis 7-3 for Don Newcombe's third win but promptly hit skids again and were floundering around in fourth place with Giants, who won marathon 17-inning 6-5 decision over Chicago in game that saw three records broken, including one by unfortunate Don Hoak, who struck out six times for more facts and figures, *see page 52*.

HORSE RACING

Needles, frisky Florida-bred favorite, came from behind after slow start to beat field of 16 in richest Kentucky Derby (*see page 15*).

Nashua, who caused raised eyebrows when he finished fifth in last race, stumbled coming out of gate but recovered handsomely to nip Find by scant head in rousing finish worth $37,100 in Grey Lag Handicap at Jamaica, pushed earnings to $1,077,615, barely $8,145 short of alltime record held by Citation (*see next page*).

TRACK & FIELD

Jim Bailey, muscular Australian, passed countryman John Landy in stretch, went on to win fastest mile (3:58.6) ever run on U.S. soil; at Los Angeles Coliseum (*see page 13*).

BOXING

Archie Moore, ageless light heavyweight champion, weighed in at still-flabby 189½ as he polished off Tiger Gene Thompson with right to jaw in third round at Tucson, prepared to take off for London and June 5 title defense against Yolande Pompey. Articulate Archie, also rated No. 1 contender for heavyweight crown vacated by Rocky Marciano, took dim view of proposed elimination tournament, warned: "Hold that title. I'll be back."

Joe Brown, little-known New Orleans lightweight, successfully evaded overweight (143½) Champion Wallace (Bud) Smith's badly timed blows, landed frequently enough to win nontitle 10-rounder at Houston. Moaned tearful Smith, beaten in last three fights: "I didn't do nothing right. I looked like a fool."

Art Aragon, arrogant Los Angeles Golden Boy who absorbed thrashing from then Lightweight Champion Jimmy Carter in 1951, got even before 10,103 in Los Angeles, left-hooking bleeding ex-titleholder unmercifully for eight rounds before easing up in last two to take unanimous decision.

WRESTLING

Bill Kerslake, pink-cheeked 310-pounder from Cleveland, chased Ralph Bartleman from post to apron to win freestyle heavyweight title and berth on U.S. Olympic team but failed in try for double when he was pinned by same Bartleman, who went on to take Graeco-Roman crown at

continued on next page

FOCUS ON THE DEED

ROYAL SMILE by Queen Elizabeth greets captain of Manchester City team, 3–1 winner over Birmingham in English Soccer Cup final match at Wembley.

ROYAL GASP by Princess Grace and Prince Rainier follows goring of matador at Palma de Mallorca.

SCOREBOARD

Dave Sime, after hustling to world record for 220-yard low hurdles (*see page 39*), held still long enough to greet his beaming parents with boyish exuberance: "I never felt so good in all my life . . . I was laughing when I was running."

Vassily Smyslov, scholarly Russian doubledome who held World Champion Mikhail Botvinnik to tie in 1953, won the challengers' chess tournament at Amsterdam, and the right to face long-time titleholder again next year.

Jockey Dave Erb, who waited "17 long years" to boot home his first Kentucky Derby winner, happily told TV viewers: "I always wondered what I would say if I ever got into this circle. Now that I'm here, I don't know what to say."

Hollywood, Calif. Other freestyle Olympians: Light Heavyweight Pete Blair, Middleweight Bill Smith, Welterweight Dick Beattie, Lightweight Frank Bettucci, Featherweight Myron Roderick, Bantamweight Lee Allen, Flyweight Dick Delgado. Other Graeco-Roman Olympians: Light Heavyweight Dale Thomas, Middleweight Dan Hodge, Welterweight Jay Holt, Lightweight Tommy Evans, Featherweight Alan Rice, Bantamweight Kent Townley, Flyweight Dick Wilson.

BASKETBALL

Boston scored biggest coup, came up with *three of nation's top All-Americas in* annual NBA draft. Celtics exercised territorial privilege to claim Holy Cross's Tom Heinsohn, acquired rights to San Francisco's fabulous Bill Russell from St. Louis in trade for Easy Ed Macauley, also picked Don Playmaker K. C. Jones. Rochester, with first choice in regular draft, passed over Russell, made Duquesne's limberlegged Si Green their No. 1 boy. Other first-round selections: Temple's Hal Lear by Philadelphia; North Carolina State's Ron Shavlik by New York; De Paul's Ron Sobieszczyk (traded to New York for Gene Shue) by Fort Wayne; George Washington's Joe Holup by Syracuse; Dayton's Jim Paxson by Minneapolis.

NCAA

NCAA Council, determined to rule with heavy hand over violators of strict code of athletic conduct, placed half dozen member schools on probation for terms ranging from one to three years for giving "aid in excess" to athletes. The offenders: Texas A&M, Kansas and Mississippi (one year); Louisville and Florida (two years); Auburn (three years).

GOLF

Mike Souchak, power-hitting ex-Duke footballer, moved within reach of tempestuous Tommy Bolt with record-tying 65, added 69 on last 18 for 280 to edge Bolt by single stroke in Colonial Invitation worth $5,000 to winner at Fort Worth (*see below*).

ROWING

Yale, stroking smartly from start to finish *on choppy, wind-blown Housatonic* at Derby, Conn., held firm in face of challenging spurt by Cornell to win Carnegie Cup by length and quarter with Princeton third in battle of unbeaten crews, seemed certain to be favorite in Eastern sprint championships on Potomac May 12.

MILEPOST

INJURED—**Tony DeSpirito,** hard-luck 22-year-old jockey who led U.S. riders with *390 winners in 1952 and topped Bowie* meeting this year with 40, was involved in second serious accident in eight months, underwent operation for removal of kidney and spleen after being tossed over head of Folderol at Laurel, Md. DeSpirito returned to track last January after three-month hospital stay for head injuries suffered in spill at Aqueduct.

FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING
STIRLING MOSS England 180 m (mfl Daily Express Grand Prix, with 100.4 mph avg. speed, in Vanwall, Silverstone, Eng and

BICYCLING
SAL BARONE, Brooklyn, N.Y., 50-m U.S. amateur all-round title road race, in 1:54, Commack, N.Y.

BOXING
AL ANDREWS, 10-round decision over Jesse Turner, middleweights, Louisville.
RALPH DUPAS, 10-round decision over Johnny Digilio, lightweights, Miami Beach
JOHNNY BUSSO, 10-round decision over Orlando Zulueta, lightweights, New York.
CHERIF HAMIA 10-round decision over Ike Chestnut, featherweights, Washington, D.C.

GOLF
MARY ANN DOWNEY, Baltimore, over Wanda Sanches, 2 up, Southern Women's Amateur, Hot Springs, Va.

HORSE RACING
MR. PATRICK, $20,250 Delaware Valley Handicap, 6 f., by length, in 1:09.3, Garden State Pk., N.J. Joe Culmone up.
LUCKY MEL, $16,900 San Bruno Stakes, 5 f., by 3 lengths, in 0.59, Tanforan, Calif. Johnny Longden up.

HUNT RACING
GILLIAN Virginia Gold Cup, 4 m., by 8 lengths, in 8.58¾, Warrenton, Va.

ROWING
HARVARD, over Navy, Penn and Navy Olympic champions, 1¾-m. Adams Cup, in 9:49, Annapolis, Md.

SOCCER
HARMARVILLE (PA.) HURRICANES, over Chicago *Schwabens, 3-1, to win Natl. Open Cup on total goals* (3-2), Pittsburgh

TENNIS
(Davis Cup, European Zone first round)
Czechoslovakia 5 Pakistan 0 — Poland 3—Austria 2
Holland 5—Turkey 0 — Spain 3—Monaco 2
Ireland 4—Finland 1 — Switzerland 3—Luxembourg 2
Norway 4—Israel 1 — Yugoslavia 4—Egypt 1
(Davis Cup, American Zone first round)
Canada 5 British West Indies 0
TONY TRABERT, over Pancho Gonzales, 2 matches to 1 Gonzales leads World Pro Tour 65-20.

WINNING Yale oarsmen prepare for traditional dunking of Coxswain Bill Becklean.

GYRATING Mike Souchak applies body English while winning rich Colonial Open.

DRIVING Nashua (*center*) moves up to take Grey Lag Handicap at Jamaica.

COMING EVENTS

May 11 through May 20

[redacted]

Baseball
- Augusta vs. Columbia, Augusta, Ga., Sally League, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*).

Boxing
- Yama Bahama vs. Hardy Smallwood, middleweights, Syracuse, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).
- *Chicago vs. Ireland, amateur bouts, Chicago.*
- *Leo Espinosa vs. Keiichi Komura, bantamweights, Tokyo (15 rds.—world championship).*

Golf
Carling Open, $25,000, Sappington, Mo. (through May 13).

Horse Racing
Hollywood Premiere Handicap, $25,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds and up, Hollywood Park, Calif.

Tennis
World Tennis Tour, Saskatoon, Sask.

Track & Field
Atlantic Coast Conference championships, Durham, N.C. (also May 12).
Middle Atlantic Collegiate championships, Reading, Pa. (also May 12).
Rocky Mountain AAU championships, Denver.
Southwest Conference championships, Fayetteville, Ark. (also May 12).

Trap Shooting
Amateur clay targets championship, Travers Island, N.Y. (through May 13).

[redacted]

Auto Racing
NASCAR 100-mile Grand National Championship Circuit race, Hickory, N.C.

Baseball
- Brooklyn vs. New York, Brooklyn, 1:45 p.m. (CBS*).
- Detroit vs. Chicago, Detroit, 1:55 p.m. C.D.T. (Mutual*).

Bowling
ABC Masters tournament, qualifying rounds, Rochester (also May 13).

Golf
Eastern Intercollegiate championships, Ithaca, N.Y. (through May 14).

Horse Racing
- The Withers, $25,000, 1 1/16 miles, 3 yr.-olds, Jamaica, N.Y., 4:30 p.m. (CBS).
- Debonair Stakes, $25,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-old colts and geldings, Hollywood Park, Calif., 8 p.m. (NBC)
Bashford Manor Stakes, $10,000, 5 f., 2-yr.-old colts and geldings, Churchill Downs, Louisville.
Tanforan Handicap, $35,000, 1⅛ miles, 3-yr.-olds and up, Tanforan, San Bruno, Calif.
Valley Forge Handicap, $25,000, 1 m. 70 yds., 3-yr.-olds and up, Garden State, Camden, N.J.

Lacrosse
Maryland vs. Army, College Park, Md.
Mt. Washington vs. Maryland Lacrosse Club, *Baltimore.*
Navy vs. Johns Hopkins, Annapolis, Md.
Yale vs. Harvard, New Haven, Conn.

Rowing
Eastern Sprint championships, Washington, D.C.
Dad Vail regatta, Philadelphia.
New York Rowing Association Spring regatta, Travers Island, N.Y.

Tennis
World Tennis Tour, Edmonton, Alta.

Track & Field
- West Coast Relays, Fresno, Calif.; John Landy runs in invitational mile 10:35 p.m. (NBC).

[redacted]

Auto Racing
Grand Prix of Monaco, Monte Carlo.

Baseball
- Brooklyn vs. New York, Brooklyn, 2 p.m. (Mutual*).

Bowling
- Marion Ladewig vs. Sylvia Wene, Chicago, 9:30 p.m. C.D.T. (NBC).
ABC Masters tournament finals, Rochester (through May 16).

Handball
AAU Senior four-wall championships, New York *(through May 20).*

Sailing
Cotton Carnival regatta, Memphis.

Track & Field
10,000-meter run, Yonkers, N.Y.

[redacted]

Baseball
- Jacksonville vs. Augusta, Jacksonville, Sally League, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*).

Boxing
- Herman (Rory) Calhoun vs. Randy Sandy, welterweights, St. Nick's, New York (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du Mont)
Tony DeMarco vs. Hoacine Khalfi, welterweights, Bangor, Me. (10 rds.).

Golf
Women's Texas Golf Association Amateur Championship tournament, Waco, Texas (through May 19).

Horse Racing
La Salle Handicap, $15,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds and up, Balmoral at Washington Park, Chicago.
Toboggan Handicap, $20,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds and up, Belmont Park, N.Y.

Tennis
World Tennis Tour, Calgary, Alta.

[redacted]

Baseball
- Detroit vs. Boston, Detroit, 1:55 p.m. C.D.T. (Mutual*).

Boxing
James J. Parker vs. Ewart Polgeiter, heavyweights, Johannesburg, South Africa (10 rds.).

Horse Racing
Goose Girl Stakes, $15,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-old fillies, Hollywood Park, Calif.

[redacted]

Baseball
- Cleveland vs. New York, Cleveland, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*).

Boxing
- Gil Turner vs. Johnny Saxton, welterweights, Chicago (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC).

Tennis
World Tennis Tour, Regina, Sask.

[redacted]

Baseball
- Chicago (A.L.) vs. New York (A.L.), Chicago, 1:25 p.m. C.D.T. (Mutual*).

Golf
Kansas City Open, $22,000, Overland Park, Kans. (through May 20).

Horse Show
Buffalo International show, Buffalo, N.Y. (through May 20).

Rodeo
Elks Helldorado, Las Vegas, Nev. (through May 20).

Trap Shooting
Texas State shoot, Fort Worth (through May 20).

Water Polo
AAU Junior championships, New York City.

[redacted]

Baseball
- New York vs. Milwaukee, New York, 1:25 p.m. (Mutual*).

Boxing
- Ray Robinson vs. Carl (Bobo) Olson, middleweights, Wrigley Field, Los Angeles (15 rds.—world championship), 10 p.m. (NBC).

Dog Show
Southeast Missouri Kennel Club show, Cape Girardeau, Mo.

Tennis
World Tennis Tour, Ft. William, Ont.

Track & Field
Big Seven Outdoor championships, Manhattan, Kans. (also May 19).
Pacific Coast Conference championships, Berkeley, Calif. (also May 19).
Southeastern Conference championships, Birmingham (also May 19).

[redacted]

Auto Racing
Cumberland National Sports Car Championship races, Cumberland, Md. (also May 20).
Indianapolis 500-mile Classic qualification trials, Indianapolis (also May 20, 26 and 27).

Baseball
- Chicago (N.L.) vs. New York (N.L.), Chicago, 1:25 p.m. C.D.T. (CBS*).
- Brooklyn vs. Cincinnati, Brooklyn, 1:55 p.m. *(Mutual*).*

Boxing
Clarence (Duke) Harris vs. Mel Collins, welterweights, Detroit (10 rds.).

Horse Racing
- The Preakness, $100,000, 1 3/16 miles, 3-yr.-olds, Pimlico, Baltimore, 5:30 p.m. (CBS).
The Acorn, $25,000, 1 1/16 miles, 3-yr.-old *fillies, Belmont Park, N.Y.*
Camden Handicap, $30,000, 1⅛ miles, 3-yr.-olds and up, Garden State, Camden, N.J.
Continental Turf Handicap, $20,000, 3-yr.-olds and up, Balmoral at Washington Park, Chicago.

Horse Show
Collin County Saddle Association Quarter Horse Show, McKinney, Texas.

Hunt Racing
Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club, Media, Pa.

Lacrosse
Army vs. Syracuse, West Point, N.Y.
Baltimore vs. Hofstra, Baltimore.
Johns Hopkins vs. Maryland, Baltimore.
Navy vs. Princeton, Annapolis, Md.
RPI vs. Colgate, Troy, N.Y.

Rowing
Compton Cup Regatta, Princeton, N.J.
U. of Calif. vs. U. of Wash., Oakland, Calif.

Tennis
World Tennis Tour, Minneapolis.

Track & Field
British Games, White City, London (through May 21).

[redacted]

Auto Racing
Mount Equinox Hill Climb, Manchester, Vt.
NASCAR 150-mile Convertible Championship Circuit race, Langhorne, Pa.
NASCAR 250-mile Grand National Championship Circuit race, *Martinsville, Va.*

Baseball
- New York vs. St. Louis, New York, 2 p.m. (Mutual*).

Bowling
ABC championship tournament, Rochester, N.Y. (last day).

Dog Show
Long Island Kennel Club show, Locust Valley, N.Y.

*See local listing.

● TV ★ COLOR TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES E.D.T. EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE NOTED

BOXING by ROBERT H. BOYLE

The IBC trial ended last week, but not before the U. S. put in evidence some documents noted in the

GENERAL'S DIARY

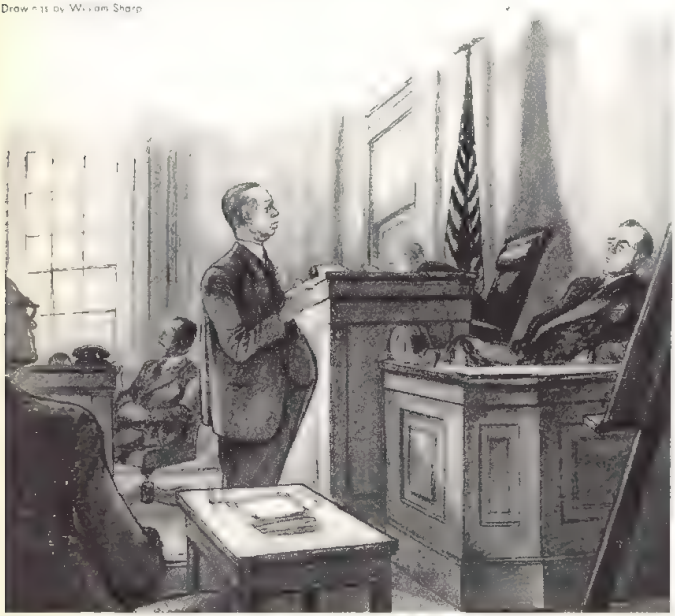
DIARIST KILPATRICK NIBBLES ON SPECTACLES

YOU'LL REMEMBER that when we last left the courtroom the IBC was just getting set to defend itself against the U.S. Government's charge of monopolizing championship fights.

Last week the IBC defended itself, and it turned out to be quite a week. For one, the trial came to an end after only nine days of testimony, something of a record for an antitrust case (Judge Sylvester J. Ryan, however, isn't expected to announce his decision until late summer). For another thing, the small gathering attending the sessions in Manhattan's Foley Square courthouse was treated to the sight of James D. Norris, Arthur M. Wirtz and Truman K. Gibson Jr. testifying under oath. Finally, a dash of unexpected drama was added when the U.S. lawyers began to riffle through the private diary and documents of one of the IBC's own witnesses, Brig. General John Reed Kilpatrick, the chairman of the board of Madison Square Garden. The introduction of the Kilpatrick diary and documents was, in a sense, almost as much of a surprise to the Government as it was to the IBC. The U.S. had no idea that such a diary existed until two months ago when one of the Government lawyers caught up with a *New Yorker* profile on Kilpatrick which mentioned the fact that the general is a diarist.

The diary—and the documents it led to in Kilpatrick's files—substantiated what the Government already knew about the formation of the IBC monopoly, but substantiated it in intimate detail. They revealed the founders of the IBC, in 1949, as deeply concerned with the future of their large sports arenas in the dawning age of sports television—and almost equally worried by the prospect of 1) somebody else getting a monopoly and 2) old-fashioned competition.

Drawings by William Sharp



DEFENSE ATTORNEY WHITNEY NORTH SEYMOUR QUESTIONS HIS CLIENT, JAMES D. NORRIS

From a letter of Arthur Wirtz to General Kilpatrick, March 13, 1949 (Exhibit 263):

"Fights have not been a major promotion of ours in either Detroit or Chicago in the past. . . .

"We would have been content to continue along these lines except for the development of television and the new coast-to-coast cable. The Friday on which you had the Pep vs. Saddler championship fight in the Garden, we were also running a fight in Detroit and in Chicago. We were caught completely unaware that the Pep vs. Saddler fight was being televised on a national hookup and it seriously affected our attendance because a great many people preferred to see your world's championship fight on television.

"Shortly before I came to Florida, Jim and I were reliably informed that Joe Louis was definitely going to retire and accept one of the substantial offers from interests closely aligned with radio and television, completely competitive to both the Garden and ourselves.

". . . We had hoped that had you been able to come down this weekend, that we could acquaint you with the moves of the Tournament of Champions to stage two world's championship fights in the Polo Grounds this summer. We had the manager of one of these champions here in Florida and we feel that we have the inside track on this fight which would leave the Tournament of Champions with only one major fight for this summer.

"We have been approached with an interesting proposition from one of the top radio-television networks, but we are hesitant to consider the proposition because it might create a very competitive situation. . . .

". . . The policy of television companies in trying to control fights is a

continued on page 51

SPRING SPORTS FESTIVAL

A Preview of Sports and Recreational Equipment to Help Everyone Relax and Have Fun All Summer Long

Spring is the time of year when you can look forward to a glorious summer of sports and recreation. Everyone has a favorite sport, and your sporting goods dealer has just the right equipment for it. See his large selection of sports equipment and make sure you'll have your full share of fun and recreation throughout the summer . . . and while you're there, don't forget a gift for Dad, since Father's Day is June 17.

Don't Forget the GREATEST SPORT OF ALL ON . . .

FATHER'S DAY - JUNE 17

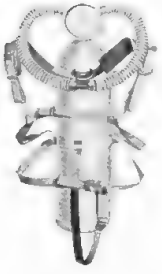
Sponsored by
NATIONAL SPORTING GOODS ASSOCIATION
716 North Rush Street • Chicago 11, Illinois

Choice of the Experts!

VOIT SWIM-FINS & MASKS

For the finest, top-quality accessories for underwater enthusiasts, look for *Voit*, the best known, most respected name in skin-diving equipment. Designed for maximum comfort, speed, power, safety. *Every* National Spearfishing Championship Team has been *Voit* equipped!

Voit Viking Swim-Fins $11.95
Face Plates from .....$ 3.95



Finest in the World!

VOIT LUNGS, GUNS, SUITS

Voit Lungs employ the proven Cousteau-Gagnan patents, standard of the world. Safest, most dependable underwater breathing device. Choice of models, from $130.00. *Voit Spear-Guns* are sturdy, hard-hitting, precision-made. $17.50 to $24.95. *Voit Underwater Suits* extend the diving season with top comfort, protection and maneuverability. $16.50 to $75.00. For the finest, ask for *Voit*.

Underwater Fun for Everyone!

VOIT SWIM FAVORITES

Double your fun in the water with *Voit* swim equipment! Quality accessories at moderate cost. *Adjustable Swim-Fins* for youngsters. *Swim-Masks* with plastic or safety-glass lenses. *Voit snorkle* and *Underwater Camera Case* are the perfect pair for amateur photographers.

Voit Swim Favorites from.....$1.00

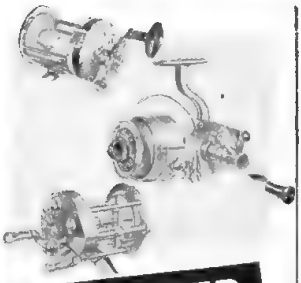
SEE YOUR LOCAL VOIT® DEALER

W. J. Voit Rubber Corp., New York, Danville, Ill., Los Angeles

See your local "Specialist in Sports."

SPRING SPORTS FESTIVAL

FATHER'S DAY—JUNE 17



PFLUEGER *Reels*

MAKE SUCCESSFUL FISHING

Made by fourth generation of Pflueger craftsmen. Pflueger reels run smoother, give longer, trouble-free service.

America's Finest fishermen have been saying "FLEW-GER" for 92 years.

For Bait-Casting.....$ 5.50—$35.00
For Spinning .....$14.95—$29.95
For Surf-Casting.....$ 8.95—$17.50

For FREE 52-page Catalog, write Dept. H

THE ENTERPRISE MFG. CO., AKRON 9, OHIO

NEW IMPROVED

FISHERMAN'S FRIEND

FATHER'S FRIEND TOO! A must for every Fisherman and Outdoor Sportsman and Sportswoman.

YOU GET 12 TOOLS IN 1:

1. Long nose pliers
2. Leader attacher
3. Fish hook degorger
4. Wire cutting edge
5. Jack knife blade
6. Hook sharpener
7. Line cutter
8. Shot splitter
9. Hook remover
10. Fish scaler
11. Bottle opener
12. Screw driver

Made of the finest cutlery steel from Solingen, Germany. Rust-proof, chrome plated. Comes in Leather Case & Gift Box.
No. 151. Price Complete $6.95
Length 7½"

Overland Co.

"Makers of World's Finest Cutlery"
1058 South Grand Ave.,
Los Angeles 15, California

Fishing's More Fun With A

KENNEDY

STOWAWAY

Tackle Box

Sensational new STOWAWAY leaves all the time for fishing! Just slide open the heavy duty plastic drawers — they can't fall out of the box — and tackle's right at your fingertips. Plenty of space for all your gear . . . yet stows away under the boat seat to clear the decks for action. See your dealer or write us for information.

Two Sizes. . . . $19.95 and $21.95

Kennedy

MANUFACTURING COMPANY
VAN WERT 6, OHIO

MAKES FISHING FUN FOR DAD — AND SON!

SPIN-WONDEREEL

Latest, popular No. 1755L Shakespeare *Spin-Wondereel.* "So easy . . . so simple you can operate it blindfolded"! Welcomed by beginners — who learn *in minutes* to make long, effortless casts . . . Preferred by experts for trouble-free operation — even at night or in wind. Factory-filled with 150 yds. 6-lb. Wexford nylon monofilament $17.95

SHAKESPEARE COMPANY
Kalamazoo, Michigan

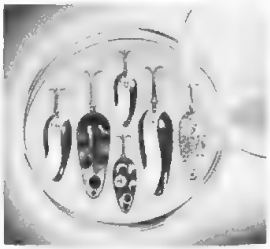
Feel the Difference!

Shakespeare

SPIN WONDEROD

Glass rods are NOT "all alike"! Using the exclusive Howald process, Shakespeare *builds-in* lively tip action, fish-fighting power, and dependable accuracy. Thousands of parallel glass fibers run straight from butt to tip, for strength; none crisscrossed or ground off. No. 1263 (copper brown) casts lightest lures. Choice of 4 lengths.....$17.50

SHAKESPEARE COMPANY
Kalamazoo, Michigan



LOU EPPINGER'S NEW SPINNING ASSORTMENT

DEVLE 6 PACK

A special assortment of popular Dardevle spinning lures for light tackle fans. Swell for gifts and prizes.

Contains
2 Dardevle Imps, 2 Dardevle Midgets
2 Dardevle Spinnies **$4.85**

From your dealer or write:

Lou J. Eppinger Mfg. Co.
1757 Puritan Ave., Dept. SI-5
Detroit 3, Mich.

See your local "Specialist in Sports."

SPRING SPORTS FESTIVAL

FATHER'S DAY—JUNE 17

Put pep in Pop's step with

U. S. BOOSTER® KEDS

Give Dad the most walked about casual shoes ever made —U. S. Booster Keds. So comfortable for sports, week-end wear—or just for lounging. Genuine crepe outsoles. Full-cushioned insoles. Choice of many comfortable styles in colored fabric uppers.

U. S. HOWLAND

hair-dry swim caps

Channel swimmer or dunker, your hair stays dry – and you look glamorous – in U. S. Howland Swim Caps. Watertight suction band seals hair in. Patented incurving V-ribs keep water out. These smart swim caps come in many stunning styles and colors – to go with your most attractive swim suits. Small, medium, large.

Perfect for beach and shower wear

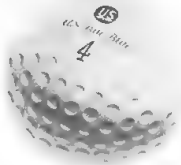
U. S. ROYAL SANDALS

The sandals that go so easy on your feet–for the beach, recreation, home or locker-room. Rugged rope pattern outsoles. Thick cork midsoles. Smooth, durable waterproof insoles.

United States Rubber

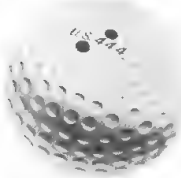
Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

U. S. GOLF BALLS



U. S. True Blue

for the low-handicap golfer



U. S. 444

for the golfer who wants durability and economy, too

Johnny Revolta Jacket and Booster® Golf Shoes

Waterproof Golf Jacket developed and patented by Johnny Revolta gives you complete freedom of swing with no sensation of binding at any point. Economical U. S. Keds® Booster Golf Shoes are light and flexible, with stainless steel spikes. Cork and crepe soles are floating-light, cool fabric uppers "breathe"

Everybody goes for KEDS® comfort

See your local "Specialist in Sports."

SPRING SPORTS

FATHER'S DAY—JUNE 17

Buy *with* Assurance
Play *with* Confidence!

At the plate or on the tee, if it's made by H&B, you know you are playing with the finest equipment experience and know-how can produce—
72 years of it!
See these partners in performance at your sporting goods dealer.

Hillerich & Bradsby Co.
Louisville, Kentucky

TOPS WITH GOLFERS— *EVERYWHERE*

The Only Cart with **"TRIPLE BALANCE"**
Single Action Folding Golf Cart

STRONGER, LIGHTER, NEVER TIPS!

The aristocrat of the fairway—rolls as easy as a ball! Super-strong, triangular, lightweight aluminum construction. Rolls even with wheels folded! Individually registered in owner's name. List price.....$29.95

Nadco
SPORTING GOODS COMPANY
3635 W Touhy, Chicago

GOLFER'S FAVORITE

LEED'S *Fairway* GOLF BAGS

STYLE 77VH
77PH

Smartly-styled, quality-made for years of pleasure: full length side pocket, ball pocket, tee pocket; 3-way hood; moulded lifetime rubber handle and bottom. In black or blue sculptured Vinyl or Brodie Plaid (red) only **$14.95**

Complete line from $8 to $75

LEED'S *Fairway* GOLF BAG CO., INC.
185 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y.

Try them all—
then tee up a
LES STROKES

Performance wins the challenge! Just one round proves for 9 out of 10 golfers that LES STROKES is *the* ball for them! It's the hydro-static action ball—with dyna-tension wound, extra-large liquid center—gives you faster response, better distance and control. Buy them at your golf shop. If you're a real power hitter, tee up a TOMMY ARMOUR CHAMPIONSHIP — distance-*designed to make the most of your* power!

Worthington
BALL COMPANY ELYRIA, OHIO

OVER 1,000,000 NOW IN USE!

FLANGE-WRAP
RUBBER WRAP-ON GOLF GRIP

Made by

- Just Wrap On . . . No Adhesive Needed
- Non-Slip Suede-Textured Finish.
- Can Be Applied in 10 Minutes.
- Used By Leading Pros

$18.50 DOZEN DELIVERED
CHECK OR MONEY ORDER

At Your Pro Shop or Sporting Goods Dealer

C.S.I. *Sales Company*
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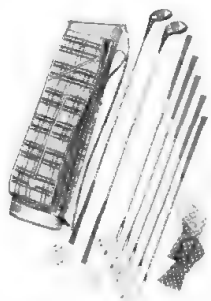


Father's Day Special!
BOBBY VAIL Golf Set
Beautifully Gift Packaged

Thrill Dad with these precision ground, highly polished clubs . . . America's only golf clubs with "3-DIMENSIONAL" balance! Handsome, "Pro" set is complete with 5 Irons, 2 Woods (head covers for woods), 3 golf balls, tees. Striking gift in red or green Scotch plaid tournament bag.
Entire Outfit Only $59.95
Other Gift sets from.....$39.00

Sportsman's Golf Corp.
1300 West Hubbard Street
Chicago 22, Illinois

See your local "Specialist in Sports."

SPRING SPORTS

FATHER'S DAY—JUNE 17

DAD, GET ME THE DAISY Eagle

2X SCOPE MOUNTED

HEAVY TOP GRAIN LEATHER SLING! Looks like Dad's high-power hunting rifle with real 2 Power Scope mounted ramp type front sight, oval-lled stock, forep ee resembling "natural mesquite" color on custom made rifles. A Gift your boy will treasure. (No. 303 Scop *only*... fits any new, old Daisy . . . $3.98). Othe Daisys as low as $5.50 Catalog Free!

No. 98

CROSS-HAIRS C-L-I-C-K INTO ADJUSTMENT

Prices Higher in Canada

850 SHOT REPEATING AIR RIFLE

No. 98 with Real 2X Scope Mounted. $12.95

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Dept A-696, PLYMOUTH, MICH., U.S.A.

WHAM-O SPORTS ARE FUN!

1 Powermaster .22 Rifle $19.95
2 Powermaster Crossbow $24.95
3 Whom-O Sportsman Slingshot $ 1.50
4 Hom-ten .22 Dueling Pistol $24.95
5 Powermaster Pistol Crossbow $16.95
6 Gun Practice Whom-O $ 1.95
7 Mallow Target Kones 3 for $ 2.98

At sporting goods dealers everywhere

wamo Manufacturing Company 835 East E Monte Street San Gabriel 5, California

LOOK, DAD!

Daisy Automatic Smoke Play Rifle

Millions of kids now shoot this famous harmless smoke noise repeater that looks, cocks exactly like a real Daisy air rifle (won't shoot BBs!) World's loudest play rifle! Buy it for your boy or g rl now! Catalog free!

No. 960

No. 960 only $3.49

WEST COAST $3.89

Prices Higher in Canada

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Dept B-696, PLYMOUTH, MICH., U.S.A.

America's Fastest-Growing Back Yard Game!

VOIT TETHERBALL & POLE

A safe, exciting small-area game designed to keep youngsters busy and happy at home. Takes only a small playing area for 10' pole, rope and long-lasting *Voit Tetherball* finest made. Inexpensive, safe, active fun for the youngsters (parents, too).

Voit Tetherball & Rope . . . from $ 5.95

Voit 3-Part Sectional Pole & Base $10.95

W. J. VOIT RUBBER CORP.

New York, Dan ie, Il., Los Angeles

New!

Helps Youngsters Learn to Hit Like Big Leaguers!

HIT-A-HOMA BATTING AID

Now it's easy for every boy to boost his batting average! New baseball batting aid teaches how to bat properly, develops timing, sharpens batting eye. Permits practice indoors and out. Approved P-O-N-Y League batting aid. Top quality, horsehide covered, official league baseball on 20 foot rope.

Suggested retail, each.....$3.49

HIT-A-HOMA, Inc.

P. O. Box 30, Hinsdale, Ill.

The choice of Top-ranking Players . . .

VICTOR GutStrings

DAVIS Rackets

VICTOR SPORTS, INC 5115 S MILLARD AVE, CHICAGO

See your local "Specialist in Sports."

SPRING SPORTS

FATHER'S DAY—JUNE 17

Tops with
America's sportsmen

Rod & Reel
SPORTING BOOTS

None better than this famous sporting boot. Lightweight, yet exceptionally rugged. Exclusive Converse "rocker" last for easier walking. Comfort cushion sponge insole. INSULATED ROD & REEL also available for cold weather sports. Both styles in sizes: Men's 5-14; Women's 3-10.

CONVERSE RUBBER CO.
MALDEN 48, MASSACHUSETTS

Airguide Outboard SPEEDOMETER

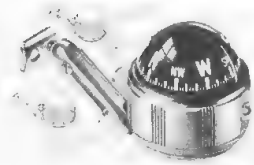
NEW!
The Only Complete Portable Boat Speedometer

ONLY $15 COMPLETE

AND WHAT A GIFT FOR A SPORTSMAN

Designed especially for outboards. Clamps on transom near motor, instantly attached and detached. Easy to carry, only 1¼ lbs. Easy to read 3" dial with equalized graduations from top speeds down to zero. Fits transoms from 12" to 20" high and up to 1¾" thick. Choice of speed ranges, 0-15, 0-30, 0-45 MPH. Other models available for permanent installation.

Made and Guaranteed by
AIRGUIDE INSTRUMENT CO.
Chicago 47, Ill
See them at your local dealer



You're on the right road when you give an

Airguide

AUTO COMPASS

Saves miles and minutes points the right way all the way. Neatly styled for today's smart car interiors. Choice of 5 popular colors. Fits all cars, easy to install and adjust, easy to read.

Super-power Alnico V Magnet and aircraft type compensators assure steady dependable performance under all driving conditions. Three models to choose from —

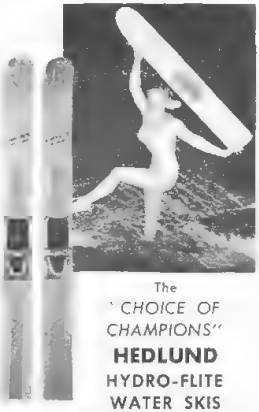
No. 84 NON-ILLUMINATED $5.95
No. 85 ILLUMINATED (by car power) 6.95
No. 86 (Shown here) SELF-ILLUMINATED with long life, self contained flash cell 6.95

Made and Guaranteed by
AIRGUIDE INSTRUMENT CO.
Chicago 47, Ill
Ask Your Local Dealer

SHOOTIN'S THREE TIMES MORE FUN
with a
Crosman .22

❶ Indoor target games for the whole family
❷ Outdoor sport: varmint parking close to home 'too'
❸ Serious marksmanship . . . used to keep championship team shooters in trim between matches. Complete line air-powered and gas-powered rifles and pistols. .22 and .177 caliber . . . from $11.95. See your Crosman dealer. Crosman Arms Co., Inc., Fairport, New York.

Crosman
Power Without Powder **PELLGUNS**
World's largest producer of PELLGUNS rifles and pistols



The
"CHOICE OF CHAMPIONS"
HEDLUND
HYDRO-FLITE WATER SKIS

Hedlund Hydro Flites are available in all sizes and styles from shoe skis to outboards, and popular tournament models designed by Champion Water Skier, *Willa McGuire*. These include the 360 turnaround, Jumper and Slalom models.

Hand shaped from hard woods with finest marine varnish finish.

HEDLUND MFG. CO.
NOKOMIS ILLINOIS

MAKE EVERY DAY FATHER'S DAY and FUN FOR ALL THE FAMILY
with
Bear

GLASS POWERED BOWS
ARROWS — LEATHER

Your Bear Dealer invites you in to examine the finest in archery equipment, designed by Fred Bear, nationally-known bowhunter and archery expert. The hard-hitting power, accuracy and featherlight feel of a Bear Bow can be yours for as little as $22.50. Other models to $59.50. Beginners *need* the best . . . veteran bowmen *demand* it . . . and Bear makes it! See your dealer.

BEAR ARCHERY CO.
Grayling, Michigan

See your local "Specialist in Sports."

SPRING SPORTS FESTIVAL

FATHER'S DAY—JUNE 17

Be sure your lines and leaders are made of

TYNEX®
nylon monofilament

- **STRONG**—Has high tensile strength . . . doesn't split or swell
- **LINP**—Casts long distances effortlessly, doesn't balloon
- **UNIFORM**—Free from weak spots. Uniform throughout

DU PONT

"Tynex" is the registered trade mark for Du Pont nylon monofilament

Better Things for Better Living . . . through Chemistry

Only reel that CAN'T TWIST LINE!

Bronson "Spin-King"

star drag action
prevents line twist!

It's fool-proof . . . the first push-button spinning reel with star drag. Star drag placement means line can't twist. Special thumb-lever control assures perfect line feathering — no mid-air snapping. Reel fits bait or spin rod. Comes with line-filled spool.

Model No. 700 . . . . . $19.95

Bronson Reel Company
Bronson, Michigan
Div, Higbie Mfg. Co.

WISE FISHERMEN

ask for GUDEBROD

GUDELINE superior braided nylon bait casting line for greater distance, accuracy and ease of handling. **GUDEBROD** quality features low stretch and extremely fine diameter. Ask your tackle dealer for GudeLine. It's available in all popular tests, packed 2 50-yd. spools connected per box, in black or camouflage. Retail price 15 lb. test $1.40 per spool. Heavier tests a bit higher.

Write Dept. SI 514 for free catalog.

GUDEBROD BROS. SILK CO., INC.
Philadelphia 7, Pa.

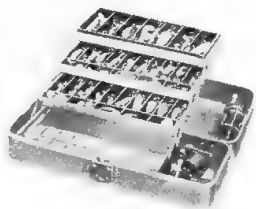
AN AMERICAN SPIN-FISHING MASTERPIECE, FOR *AMERICAN* FISHERMEN!

$19.95

Ocean City's famed "300" has the rugged construction and accurate performance essential to the varied, often punishing, requirements of American spin-fishing. Proud, meticulous craftsmanship and an established ability to *get along anywhere* have made it the country's *most popular* spinning reel!

it's an OCEAN CITY reel
fishing's finest for '56

MONTAGUE-OCEAN CITY ROD & REEL CO.
Philadelphia 32, Pa.



The Gift
Fishermen dream of!

UMCO *Bonus-Quality*
TACKLE and SPIN BOXES

The new UMCO Model 43 Combination Tackle Box above, has all the features fishermen want! Rustproof leather-grain aluminum case, 37 spin & bait-casting lure compartments, Lur-Gard tray liners, separate reel compartments, extra reel clip, large storage area. **Price $10.95**

22 ALUMINUM AND ROYALITE MODELS TO CHOOSE FROM — FOR FRESH OR SALT WATER FISHING.

UMCO CORPORATION
1717-4th Avenue So.
Minneapolis, Minn.

WHY DO IT THE HARD WAY?
GET ACTIONROD WITH

"Live Tip Action"

- **REGULAR GLASS BAIT, FLY AND SPINNING RODS**
- **TELESCOPIC *EXTENDO* RODS**

Orchard Industries, Inc.
Hastings, Mich.

Actionrod
AMERICA'S FAVORITE GLASS ROD

See your local "Specialist in Sports."

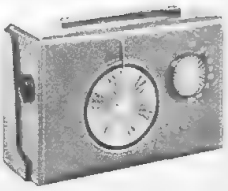
SPRING SPORTS

FATHER'S DAY—JUNE 17

Cool, Fresh Water
with a
GOTT *Sport Cooler!*

NEW — DIFFERENT — RUGGED. Big top opening handles large and small chunks of ice — grand for bottled and canned beverages too! Rugged, galvanized steel, double wall, thermo-type construction — also available with stainless steel lining. Chip-resistant, metallic blue finish. 2- and 3-gallon sizes. Sturdy, recessed faucet.

H. P. Gott
Manufacturing Company
WINFIELD, KANSAS



Power-Packed...
Rarin' to go!

PHILCO "Mustang"

New 3-way portable radio sensation of the sportsman's world. Rugged as all outdoors in genuine top grain cowhide with brushed brass trappings. Case snaps open for easy changeover from AC-DC to batteries. Standout tone and performance. Philco mod. 676.

PHILCO

Famous for Quality the World Over

$12.64 value—ONLY $11.95
with Extra Fuel Tank

Take advantage of this TURNER Lantern Special. Perfect for fishing trips, camping, backyard patios or an emergency house-light. So simple to operate! Light a match, turn the valve and you have yards of brilliant soft light. You get 1—$10.95 lantern plus 1 extra $1.69 fuel tank ($12.64 value) for... **ONLY $11.95.**
Also Turner Camp Stoves with carrying case.....$10.95

TURNER BRASS WORKS
Sycamore, Illinois

None finer
... at any price

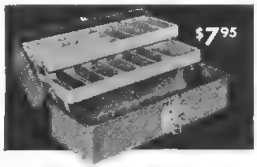
NIKON BINOCULARS
Mikron Series

Now, binoculars with the obvious advantages of world famous Nikkor optics, and shockproof construction. 11 sizes from 6x15 to 9x35, from $39.50 to $125.00 with leather carrying case and a registered lifetime guarantee.

Write for free booklet "Simple Tests," showing how you can judge binocular quality

Dept. HE-12

NIKON incorporated
251 Fourth Avenue
New York 10, N. Y.



PLAS-TAK
TACKLE BOXES

★ No Rust, Rot or Corrosion.
★ Guaranteed Against Breakage.
★ Floats Even When Loaded.
★ Permanent Marbelized Green Color.

Made of rugged Dow 480 plastic with 2 cantilever trays, 15¼" long, 6¾" deep, 6½" wide, all metal parts are stainless or plated brass — *the* tackle box for a *lifetime* of use

PLASTIC UTILITY BOX

8¼" x 4¼" x 1¾" complete with cantilever tray. Transparent tray and cover, marbelized green lower section

$1.59

***NEW* MAGNA-BEAM FLASHLIGHT**

Magnet in back holds to any ferrous metal, two "C" cell light with tilting reflector unit.

$1.98

PLANO MOLDING COMPANY
PLANO, ILLINOIS

3-Speed Sports Models

RALEIGH

BICYCLING BECOMES A TRUE SPORT when you discover Raleigh. Swift, sure-footed, instantly responsive, this magnificent bicycle is a joy to all who take pleasure in fine machinery. Write for illustrated catalog showing the *different Sports models* and equipment for boys, girls, adults.

RALEIGH INDUSTRIES
687 Boylston St.
Boston, Mass.

See your local "Specialist in Sports."

SPRING SPORTS

Lower your golf score
with the
19th Hole
Golf Practice Putter

Automatic and *adjustable* golf ball return. Scientifically designed for usage in the home, at the office, at the clubhouse, Summer or Winter, rain or shine. Makes the ideal gift for Father's Day, birthdays, anniversaries. Lots of fun whenever golfers get together . . . beginners or professionals, young or old!

Brandell Products Co.
3401 W. Belmont Avenue
Chicago 18, Illinois

It Pays to Play®

And when you play, select your equipment from your "Specialist in Sports," who displays this emblem.

IT PAYS TO PLAY

Remember a good Sport on Father's Day,
June 17

NATIONAL SPORTING GOODS ASSOCIATION
716 North Rush Street
Chicago 10, Illinois

THE GENERAL'S DIARY

continued from page 42

major threat to our business. Conditions might develop that certain attractions which are now held in our building could be televised from studios and our buildings lose the event completely. It is more apparent that we should work together now and keep the events for our buildings and not create a competitive situation which would be harmful to all. . . ."

The general's diary also led to a sideline story about Joe Louis. The then aging champion, Kilpatrick recorded after an interview with Mike Jacobs' lawyer, Sol Strauss, was willing to take a retirement job with Jacobs' Twentieth Century Sporting Club at $25,000 or so per annum, but was inclined to think that his duties, for this amount, should be restricted to one day's work a year. Joe was quoted as saying: "I want to play golf." Louis was also quoted by Strauss, in Kilpatrick's notes, as asking for *$100,000 "under* the table," in Kilpatrick's account) above and beyond the 40% of the gate he expected for a 1949 summer fight. In the course of his testimony, IBC Secretary Truman Gibson Jr., Louis' lawyer at the time (and presumably his business adviser), could not remember any discussion about "under the table" money.

When the Government finished with Gibson, the last IBC witness, there were few factual points in dispute. As *Judge Ryan remarked, "I feel a very* serious question of law is presented here. I feel that very few factual issues, if any, are presented. I think this case might almost have been tried upon a stipulated set of facts."

RISKY BUSINESS

Norris, who took the stand before Gibson, had difficulty recalling details. Looking like an elegant Max Schmeling in a suit of banker's blue, he piously answered the questions put to him by *Whitney North Seymour, the IBC* counsel. The gist of Norris' testimony: boxing is a risky business; the IBC has put on only two outdoor championship bouts which were "financial successes." Furthermore, Norris contradicted Sam Becker, the Cincinnati promoter who had testified that Norris wanted $150,000 for permitting Becker to promote an Ezzard Charles-Joe Walcott fight (SI, May 7).

Judge Ryan listened to Norris carefully. On one occasion Seymour asked *Norris why the IBC advanced loans to* boxers and managers.

"Oh," said Norris, "to help boxers, to help their managers when they are in trouble, when they need a little money, and rather than have them go to a loan shark or possibly have to sell part of the contract of their fighter to someone that might not be acceptable in boxing, I have advanced money at different times to fighters."

Here Judge Ryan threw in a question: "To help them stay out of the clutches of those who might influence them, perhaps in throwing their fights, *you give them money?*"

Norris seemed startled. "I wouldn't say that, Your Honor," he said, "but I think it helps them."

In the cross-examination William Elkins, Government counsel, asked

TRUMAN GIBSON ASSUMES PRAYERFUL POSE

Norris if he recalled making a statement to Becker that "every time you *turn your neck around you would have* to make $25,000?"

"No, I do not," said Norris. "I don't know what that would mean."

Quipped Judge Ryan: "It means that you would be a very wealthy man if you were a pinwheel."

General Kilpatrick, who was the first witness called by the IBC, testified that the Garden had tried to break Jacobs' lease after he became too sick to promote actively. The method under consideration at the time: to have *Jacobs "legally declared incompetent."* The Garden didn't take this step because, as Kilpatrick said, the newspapermen were "more friendly toward [Jacobs] than toward us."

After the trial, the Government lawyers and the IBC lawyers stayed around to say goodby—temporarily. Norris and Wirtz were absent from court, but Kilpatrick was there. When asked what he thought of the diary's role, he spoke with satisfaction. "Why," said the general, "when the *rest of them foundered on dates, I knew every one* of them!" END

BASEBALL by ROBERT CREAMER

Though weather punched holes in the schedule, the pennant pattern was clear as the season came to the

END OF ROUND ONE

THIS WEEK marks the end of the beginning of the 1956 major league season, the end of that first round of play in which each club is supposed to meet every other team in its league at least once.

This week, then, is like that moment at a party just after all the guests have been introduced to one another. Now they sit and look across at the people they have just met and wonder just how real that glittering diamond necklace actually is and whether that graying chap with the bristly mustache is actually a top-rung executive at Consolidated Millionaires or just another handsome face with naught behind it. It is a time, in other words, for appraisal. What have we seen and where do we go from here?

For one thing, we've seen some miserable weather. The Milwaukee Braves went one solid seven-day week without appearing on the ball field, in a two-week period played just three times and in all were rained or snowed or chilled out of nine of their first 18 games. In Milwaukee, where capacity crowds are the rule and a 30,000 turnout is described as disappointing, turnstiles turned slowly as the intelligent citizens of the community remained at home, where they were probably chopping up furniture and old baseball bats to feed the furnaces.

The Chicago White Sox did almost as well, with all of two games played in one 10-day period and five of their first 12 games postponed. This was not entirely to the bad, as the White Sox held first place through one gameless stretch and fell back to second only when they resumed play. Jungle Jim Rivera, the happy-happy-fella Chicago outfielder, was able to catch 16 movies during the rainy season.

In those games that were squeezed in between weather reports, one very obvious fact developed. The Brooklyn Dodgers were not going to win 22 of their first 24 games, as they did last year when they pulled out to an immediate and insurmountable lead.

This was quite intelligently forecast by just about everyone. ("For one thing, buddy," said the optimistic managers of the other seven clubs in the National League, "those Dodgers aren't going to break from the barrier the way they did in '55, you know. We got a chance.") The inference was that the immutable laws of chance, to which baseball bends an obedient knee, would prevail and stop the Dodgers.

And so they did. The Dodgers lost two of their first nine games. But that left Brooklyn with a 7-2 record, which is a rather impressive way to start any season. More than that, the Dodgers, who were said to be miserably weak in the pitching staff, came up with six complete games in that nine-game bloc, including the last five in a row.

The other managers in the National League lost sleep thinking about Walter Alston and all that pitching rushing the Dodgers out ahead again to another runaway.

But then another set of laws of chance set in, holding that a weak pitching staff could not provide consistently good pitching. Things were evened up nicely as Brooklyn's next seven starting pitchers failed to finish. The Dodgers lost six of those seven games and fell back into the mundane neighborhood of .500.

Meanwhile, the Cincinnati Redlegs and the St. Louis Cardinals, the two real have-not clubs in the National League so far as pitching is concerned, unleashed their tremendous hitting power, won games they had to win and found themselves scrambling around first place with Milwaukee's rained-on

THE X-RAY BOX

TEAM STANDINGS

NATIONAL LEAGUE

This Week (4/30—5/6)			Season (to May 6)		
Cincinnati	6-1	.857	Milwaukee	6-3	.667
Milwaukee	2-1	.667	Cincinnati	11-6	.647
St. Louis	5-3	.625	St. Louis	10-6	.625
New York	3-2	.600	Brooklyn	8-8	.500
Pittsburgh	3-3	.500	New York	8-8	.500
Chicago	1-3	.250	Pittsburgh	8-9	.471
Brooklyn	1-4	.200	Philadelphia	5-10	.333
Philadelphia	0-4	.000	Chicago	4-10	.286

AMERICAN LEAGUE

This Week (4/30—5/6)			Season (to May 6)		
Cleveland	3-1	.750	New York	13-5	.722
New York	5-2	.714	Cleveland	9-6	.600
Baltimore	4-2	.667	Boston	7-7	.500
Boston	3-2	.600	Chicago	6-6	.500
Kansas City	4-3	.571	Washington	9-10	.474
Washington	2-4	.333	Kansas City	7-9	.438
Detroit	2-5	.286	Baltimore	8-11	.421
Chicago	1-5	.167	Detroit	6-11	.353

TEAM LEADERS

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Batting		H.R.		Pitching	
Mil	Bruton	.433	Mathews	3	Jolly	2-0
Cin	Bailey	.459	Post	9	Lawrence	3-0
St L	Boyer	.452	Musial	5	Pohoisky	2-0
			Boyer	5		
Bkn	G Hiam	.304	Campanella	5	Newcombe	3-1
NY	Lockman	.375	Mays	3	5 tied with	1-0
			Spencer	3		
Pit	Long	.391	Thomas	8	Friend	3-1
Phil	Seminick	.297	Ashburn	3	Roberts	3-1
Chi	Fondy	.304	Banks	6	Davis	1-0

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	Batting		H.R.		Pitching	
NY	Mantle	.424	Mantle	9	Ford	4-0
Clev	Wertz	.377	Wertz	5	Wynn	3-0
Bost	Gernert	.343	Gernert	3	Sullivan	2-0
Chi	Kell	.345	5 tied with	1	Donovan	1-0
Wash	Lemon	.373	Lemon	6	Chakales	2-0
KC	Slaughter	.359	Simpson	4	Bartschy	2-0
Balt	Boyd	.400	Trandos	4	Wilson	3-0
Det	Maxwell	.364	Torgeson	4	Hoeft	2-0

HEROES AND GOATS

RUNS PRODUCED

NATIONAL LEAGUE	Runs Scored	RBI	Total Runs Produced
Thomas, Pitt (.284)	15	15	30
Post, Cinn (.297)	15	15	30
Boyer, St L (.452)	13	16	29
Musial, St L (.300)	12	17	29
Jablonski, Cinn (.262)	14	14	28
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Mantle, NY (.424)	21	23	44
Berra, NY (.348)	16	22	38
Bauer, NY (.225)	16	15	31
Lemon, Wash (.373)	12	18	30
Simpson, KC (.281)	11	16	27

THE ROOKIES

	NATIONAL LEAGUE	AMERICAN LEAGUE
Batting	Walls, Pitt .380	Malzone, Bos, .250
Home Runs	F. Robinson, Cinn, 5	Francona Balt 2
RBI	F. Robinson, Cinn, 11	Tettlebach, Wash 9
Pitching	Margoneri NY 1-0	Besana, Balt, 1-0 Sisler, Bos, 1-0

THE WEEK'S BEST (4/30—5/6)

	NATIONAL LEAGUE	AMERICAN LEAGUE
Batting	Bailey, Cinn, .550	Boyd, Balt, .571
Home Runs	Thomas, Pitt, 4 Bell Cinn, 4	Mantle NY, 5
RBI	Bell, Cinn, 9	Mantle, NY, 8 Lemon, Balt, 8 Berra, NY, 8
Strikeouts	Mizell, St L, 14	Ferrarese Balt 13

THE SEASON (to May 6)

	BEST	WORST
Batting (NL)	Bailey, Cinn, .459	Harris NY .132
Batting (AL)	Mantle, NY, .424	Francona Balt, .118
Home Run (NL) Hitters	Post, Cinn 9 (1 per 7 AB)	Moon, St L, Hoak, Chi (1 per 62 AB)
Home Run (AL) Hitters	Mantle, NY, 9 (1 per 7 AB)	Runnels, Wash (1 per 60 AB)
Pitching (NL)	Lawrence, Cinn, 3-0	Hall, Pitt, 0-3 Dickson, Phil, 0-3
Pitching (AL)	Ford, NY, 4-0	Wight, Balt, 0-4
ERA (NL)	Erskine, Bk 1.88 Burdette Mil 1.88	Jones, Chi, 6.95
ERA (AL)	Brewer, Bos, 0.72	Moore Balt 6.33
Strikeouts (NL)	Mizell, St L, 24 (7 per game)	Dickson, Phil, 1 (½ per game)
Strikeouts (AL)	Pascual Wash 36 (10 per game)	Kucks, NY, 3 (1½ per game)

Braves. The Cardinals led the majors in team batting average by nearly 30 points, and the Redlegs led in home runs (they had nearly twice as many as *any other National League club*).

In the American League, the White Sox, finally forced to play, slid slowly down in the standings under the dead weight of woeful hitting that produced just 35 runs in its first 12 games, by far the worst batting record in either league. The Yankees' *Mickey Mantle* and Yogi Berra, between them, had scored more runs than the entire fleet-footed White Sox squad.

Mantle, of course, was the most valuable player in baseball through the opening round of games and by far the most exciting. Hampered by a tender hamstring muscle in his thigh, he nevertheless played in every one of the Yankees' games and, more than that, played up to the marvelous potential that has been freely predicted for him ever since he first arrived in the major leagues five seasons ago. He fielded beautifully, ranging far and wide in the outfield and making strong, accurate throws that intimidated and often caught base runners.

But it was Mantle's hitting that generated the intense excitement. He drove out long, amazingly long home runs, followed them with perfectly placed bunts, smacked line-drive doubles, beat *out infield hits, raced around to score* from first base on singles. He was hitting well over .400 and led his league in batting percentage, hits, runs, runs batted in, home runs and in having his home-run pace compared to that of Babe Ruth in Ruth's record 60-homer season in 1927. (Ruth had six homers in his first 16 games, Mantle nine. Ruth hit his ninth in his 29th game.)

And so, as the White Sox despite good pitching sank under the pressure of poor hitting, the Yankees despite generally mediocre pitching (except for the redoubtable Whitey Ford, who won his first four starts) rose with the lift of their hitting.

The pattern seemed clear, at least for the moment. In the National League it was a free-for-all. In the American it was New York against the world.

•

The Tigers rapped 77 hits in 7 games, a resounding pace of 11 per game, yet lost 5 of the 7 and fell into last place. . . . Cardinal Pitchers Poholsky (8 IP), Collum (1/3) and Kinder (2/3) joined to pitch rare three-man shutout (2-0) over Braves. . . . Orioles' Bill Wight went 5 innings against Indians, lost. His record: 4 starts, total of 8 innings pitched, 4 losses. END

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TRAVEL by HORACE SUTTON

Looking for a place that isn't overrun by Western tourists? Here it is, in words and color pictures:

RUSSIA'S RIVIERA

ALTHOUGH the Russians are not claiming to have originated the Riviera idea, they are sparing no effort in making theirs as good as anyone else's. Like postage stamps, a foreign policy, and a nuclear reactor, a Riviera is a basic appendage which no self-respecting country should be without.

The Soviet Union's own palmy playground is a Communist *Côte d'Azur* that stretches across the northern coast of the Black Sea from Odessa in the Ukraine, near Rumania, to Batum in Georgia, near the eastern end of Turkey. The sun beats down along much of the workers' Waikiki, palms shade it, the sea washes it and in some places there is sand to border it. Although there is little doubt that Russia, which spends a considerable time each year in a considerable drift of snow, has probably more need of a sun-swept strand than anyone else, its Riviera would hardly be Russian unless it was a good deal different from the standard model. When a Russian goes off on a holiday, he will, more than likely, choose not a hotel but a sanatorium, staffed by white-coated physicians and operated by his trade union or the government ministry which oversees his industry.

When he strolls the seaside walks, the Soviet sojourner will don striped pajamas, an item which he never wears to bed. He will, indeed, as the rumors have correctly had it, swim nude from the beach, but the sanatorium sands are segregated by sex. Although he is on vacation, he submits readily to full medical care, is served five meals a day, often sleeps in a room either in the former palace of a nobleman or in one of the massive new rest homes which are being built now, festooned with cornucopias of cement grapes and plaster mermaids, as garish as any den along the capitalistic coast of Miami Beach. Each resort has a few hotels set aside for the hard-headed Russian individualists who still prefer that their vacations be a treat instead of a treatment. And there is at least one inn at each seacoast city for foreign tourists.

Along this broad tiara is the whole Crimean peninsula with its old czarist watering places of Yalta and historical Sevastopol; down to the east are the resorts of Khosta, Gagry, Sukhumi and Russia's pride, Sochi. With its broad avenues, its manicured lawns, its trimmed green trees, Sochi could be Saratoga or White Sulphur. Its brand new cinema, patterned after the Parthenon, faces a park planted with speckled plane trees and palms, lined with pink gravel walks and decorated with a white statue of Lenin. It has a theater that looks like the Parthenon too, and in the summertime troupes come down from Moscow to play the Soviet straw-hat circuit.

It is quite obvious that Sochi, which Russia took over from independent mountain rule in 1864, has been tapped for development as the nation's prime resort. Although it was a favorite of Stalin's, it probably won't be downgraded. For one thing, it has natural therapeutic waters, the 20-year building program begun in 1935 is almost finished, and besides, the weather is too good.

In 1952 the Kremlin dispatched the Soviet architect Dushkin, a designer of the Moscow subway, to create a new railroad station. He obliged with a depot marked by a spired tower which grows out of a clump of palms. A clock clanks out the time while the trains rumble in from Moscow, 1,250 miles and 49 rail hours away. Aeroflot's two-motored Convair-type aircraft can make it in six hours, landing at nearby Adler, an airport still equipped with a wartime steel landing mat, and decorated with an avenue of palms, life-sized, silver-coated statues of an aviator and an aviatress flanking the door, and a pre-revolution vintage doorman with an immense handle-bar mustache.

Tourists who take one of the six new cruise ships that ply the ports of the Black Sea can debark at Sochi's brand new quay, marked by a stained-glass spire. Outside, gunboats bob in the sea, freighters from Odessa slip silently into port, blue speedboats filled with vacationers churn out of the harbor and Soviet citizens clutching net bags filled with black bread and Bulgarian oranges stop to watch the sea gulls.

The ships that cruise the Black Sea are new. They were built in East Germany since the war, apparently as reparations. Each carries about 400 passengers who in summer lounge in deck chairs, swim in the open-air pool and dance away the nights under a canvas roof. In the gigantic dining room a Marxist society pervades, but the sleeping quarters are divided by classes. The 13 de luxe suites come equipped with phone, radio, couch and chairs and a tiled bath complete with toilet, bidet, bathtub and washstand. The 23 first-class cabins have washstands but no toilet. Stops are made at Odessa, Yevpatoriya, Sevastopol, Yalta, Novorossisk, Tuapse, Sochi, Sukhumi, Poti and Batum.

The Riviera notion began in Sochi as early as 1905 when the resort built its first hotel and called it the Casino Riviera. In 1919 Lenin signed a decree asking for the development of health resorts all over the Soviet Union and turning summer villas and hotels over to the state. Sochi's first sanatorium, built in 1925, was called Red Moscow. There are now four hotels in town and no fewer than 58 sanatoriums. Although some are christened after such Russian heroes as Voroshilov, the newer ones have been given more restful names such as the Caucasian Riviera and the New Riviera. A coal miner,

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WHAT IT COSTS

Visas for tourist travel have been given recently in anywhere from three weeks to six months, and for the average tourist the chances are good but always subject to Soviet inscrutability. All Intourist-accredited travel agencies will handle visa applications. New York to Moscow by Scandinavian Airlines costs $883.70 round trip tourist class in summer, $40 less off season. Individual travel inside Russia—including rooms, meals, sightseeing, interpreter, but not transportation costs $30 daily; $21.25 in groups of four; $18 daily in groups of 15. An all-inclusive 18-day excursion—Odessa, Yalta, Sochi, Rostov, Stalingrad and Moscow—is $632.50 de luxe, $475 in "superior" class. Sample Russian air fare: Moscow to Odessa, $82.50.

ANCIENT TATAR VILLAGE of Gurzuf nestles on the Crimean coast in setting of pines, mountains and steeply sloped settlements which is startlingly reminiscent of Italy. Nearby Yalta is a stopping point for six cruise ships which ply northern Black Sea coast.

FUNICULAR TO THE SEA, here leading down from Voroshilov Sanatorium, is typical sight in Sochi, the fanciest of Russia's Crimean resorts. Some of its 58 sanatoriums vie with Florida's finest, but there is only one hotel that is open to Western tourists.

A PROMENADE ALONG THE SEA in Yalta, called Lenin Street, is bordered with pines, palms, barber shops with lady barbers, and a canvas-covered café which seats 1,500 people. The most popular souvenir of the tourist is a stone embossed with his photograph.

HEROIC ATHLETE, typical of Soviet's sporting sculpture, tosses a ball towards Gagry, a Black Sea resort just inside the Georgian border. Southern exposure and the protective bulk of Caucasus foothills afford ideal weather for magnolias, palms and tourists.

RUSSIA'S RIVIERA

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for instance, can vacation at 1,600 rubles ($400 at the present rate of exchange) for 24 days in a giant phantasmagoria of arches and porches. In the center of the sanatorium of the Ministry of Coal Mining, four mermaids clutch their cement bosoms while supporting a fountain on which six nude nymphs cavort. Cypress trees and a funicular run down to the segregated sea. On a nearby slope is the sanatorium for tired workers of *Pravda*, the Communist Party newspaper.

Not nearly such grand quarters are as yet available for the tourist. A site has been chosen—a block from the sea—for a new 200-room Intourist hotel in Sochi. The first 100 rooms will be built this year. In the meantime foreign visitors are being billeted in the Primorsky (Seaside) Hotel which was finished in 1952 and has 80 rooms, 20 of them with bath. A jerry-built affair that has aged long before its time, the Primorsky is, all the same, adequate and passably comfortable, with terraces that look to the sea and a walk leading down to a small stone beach. Swimming in Sochi begins in mid-May, but July and August are called the silk season, and the fall—swimming is good until October—is the velvet season.

A PROLETARIAN SPA

Not five minutes from Sochi, isolated and insulated in a secluded valley, is the odoriferous sulphur-water spa of Matsesta, the proletarian's Baden-Baden. Vacationing workers are taken here by bus each day for treatment in the hot chemical waters which are said to be beneficial for heart disorders, bronchial trouble, headaches and even loss of hair. Intourist cars will take the tourists, who are not eligible for a sitz bath in the spa, up to Mt. Akhun, past the twisting roads bordered with tangerine trees, through woodlands that teem with herons, cranes, eagles and jackals. From the stone tower there is a magnificent view of the gentle sea, silver in the sun, on one side and the massive, snow-capped Caucasus, home of 500 different national groups all speaking different languages, rising white and foreboding on the other.

A bridge guarded by a soldier marks the beginning of Georgia. Everywhere the signs are printed in two languages. Georgia's Gagry is a great curving beach bordered by a graceful promenade of palms and magnolia trees and protected from the winds of the north by the foothills of the Caucasus that rise immediately in back of town. Chalets of pre-revolution design hang from the steep-rising hills and look down with venerable wisdom and indifference at the white plaster statues of discus throwers, soccer players, young hikers in heroic poses, all of whom are supposed to impart a this-is-for-everybody, this-can-be-you feeling to the Soviet masses.

No such plaster heroics decorate the seaside walks in wizened, weathered Yalta, old watering place of the artists and the czars and scene of the wartime conference, far across the sea in the Crimea. There are no broad avenues in Yalta. No new depot or dock. No Gargantuan sanatoriums trimmed with the gargoylish gingerbread of the new culture. Its sanatoriums are the old villas of the czars, of the nobility and the merely rich, appropriated for the people by the Lenin decree of 1918.

A massive statue of Lenin stands at the head of the quay that bears his name, and Russians stroll under his gaze the way Americans might meander along the boardwalk of Atlantic City or the Embarcadero at San Francisco. They walk under the Chinese palms, the stone oaks whose limbs are heavier than water, under the lonesome, leaning Socha pine which dips its green boughs across the promenade. Sailors from the ships that come to Yalta harbor blow their beer suds to the warm Crimean breezes rolling in from the Black Sea. Citizens stop to munch hot pies stuffed with jam. Lady barbers shave male heads in a seaside barber shop. Travelers from the northlands and the eastlands have their photographs mounted on stones from Yalta's gray stone beach. Lovers parade in the botanical incongruity of the Nikitsky Gardens, once the czar's private park, amid the peach trees, the apricot trees, the plum and cherry trees and pomegranates; under the 90-year-old sequoias imported from California, the magnolias from northern Florida, the holly from the central U.S., the poplars from Turkistan, the Arizona cypresses and Himalayan cedars and the gnarled olive limbs planted by the first Greek colonists.

Excursionists sail down to Alupka to see Count Vorontsov's palace which housed Churchill and the British delegation during the Yalta Conference. Buses trundle over the pine-studded landscapes where settlements like the ancient Tartar village of Gurzuf tumble toward the sea, sending one's mind

continued on next page

all this and australia, too!..

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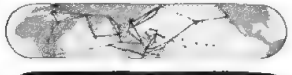
AUSTRALIA'S OVERSEAS AIRLINE



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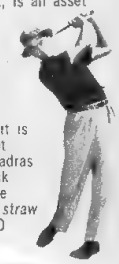

RUSSIA'S RIVIERA

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back to the Italian towns that seem to hang by the roots of the pines from the precipices of the Amalfi Riviera.

Crimean grapes are crushed into Russian versions of Bordeaux, Pinot, Riesling, Madeira and port at Massandra, the state-run winery that still bears the tablet attesting that it was built in 1894, "In the happy reign of His Majesty Czar Nicholas II." Climbers hike the Yaila Mountains that huddle above Yalta like a protective shoulder, and sightseers pore through the home of Anton Chekhov, 1,000 of them a day in summer, reliving the Chekhovian interlude when Tolstoi and Gorki came visiting from *their* Crimean houses, and Chaliapin and Rachmaninoff sat at the lace-covered dining room table.

High on the hill, in the old czar's palace called Livadiya, six women come from the hinterlands every 24 days to occupy the czarina's bedroom, for Livadiya is now a sanatorium. It has been serving the people ever since Lenin's 1918 decree, excepting for a brief interlude in 1945 when it was turned over to President Roosevelt as his headquarters during the Yalta Conference. Dining room tables fill the plush-covered walls of Roosevelt's rooms, and a summer pavilion covers the spot in the garden where the Big Three sat for their photograph. But all there is to mark the memorable encounter is the memory of man, for no tablet exists.

Yalta was badly battered during the German occupation, but now the hammer rings again in the old Metropole Hotel which is being hurried to completion as an Intourist inn. Huge new oak furniture was being pushed into place when I walked through not long ago, and a poster on the bulletin board exhorted workers to speed the job. There was a good reason to hurry. This week the big SAS planes, straight from airports in New York and Los Angeles, began landing at Scandinavian capitals to meet connecting SAS planes that would fly direct to Moscow. As Russia's own airline buzzed southward from Moscow, as travel agents began to take orders for a pair of cruises that would sail straight into the Black Sea resorts from England and Italy, Russia was about to have a full-fledged Riviera. Already endowed with sun, sand and sea, albeit Russian style, it needed only one more accouterment. And this week the Western tourist was on the way. END

"Why don't you ever arrange for me to fight somebody like me?"

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TIP FROM THE TOP

especially for
women golfers

from **PATTY BERG**, *St. Andrews, Ill.*

Since women don't have as powerful hands as men do, they can't get away with a poorly executed swing nearly as well. In order to develop adequate hitting power, a woman must master really good footwork and body action, and she must tie these together with rhythm and timing. The catch here is that comparatively few women apparently understand the difference between correct body action—based on pivoting—and incorrect body action—where the sway is ruinous.

Since the word pivot seems to confuse most women golfers rather than present them with a clear picture of what they should do, perhaps a better way to get the point across is to put it this way: on the backswing, you do not slide your body laterally from left to right, *you coil your body away from the ball.* The key to coiling correctly, the way I think of it, is to get the right hip out of the way. This movement, the rotation of the right hip to the rear, is actually started by the left side. If there ever was a short cut to proper body action, this is it: getting the right hip out of the way. If you do that, you won't sway and you won't be stuck off balance at the top of a faulty backswing with nothing but a feeble pair of hands to chop at the ball.

One thing more. Keep your head still. If you move your head off the ball, you'll probably move your body along with it.

The strong coiled position at the top of the backswing

NEXT WEEK: JOHNNY PALMER ON THE SIMPLIFIED PUTT

BOWLING by VICTOR KALMAN

For years a man is competing with the best and they still claim he lacks color—then suddenly

MERIT MAKES A STAR

COLOR, *that elusive intangible that* marks the difference between a great champion and a mere titleholder, need not be inborn. It may rub onto an athlete who, by sheer weight of expert performance, captures the public imagination. In such cases recognition takes longer, but the greatness is none the less real; the dye of achievement is as vivid and lasting as the pigment of showmanship. That is why this week, as the nation's foremost bowlers gather for the finals of the American Bowling Congress *Masters Invitational tournament* May 13-16 at Rochester, N.Y., the popular favorite is a handsome young man who, until the past month or so, was noted more for his modesty than his merit.

It took seven years for color to rub onto William Terrence Lillard, 28-year-old star of the Falstaffs of Chicago. He had surprised the experts when, an unknown from Texas, he finished 11th in the All-Star Championships in 1949. During the next five years his All-Star *record was superb—second* twice and never worse than fifth. His average for the six years, during which he rolled 600 games, was 206-plus, highest of all the champions, past and present.

But even after he scored a tremendous last-frame victory over Joe Wilman to win the U.S. individual match-game title last December, Lillard's star failed to shine as brilliantly as it might have. He was not as effervescent as Steve Nagy or as suave as Buddy Bomar; he lacked the showmanship of Andy Varipapa and the poise of Ned Day. Lillard was considered a more-than-adequate champion, but not a great one. He remained in this niche for seven years: a fine bowler who, like 100 others, had a chance to win any tournament he entered.

That picture changed early last month when the Falstaffs made their annual pilgrimage to the ABC at Rochester, the largest participation event in the world of sports. (This year there were 31,000 contestants.) Lillard led *the team into first place with a score of* 3,092; he and Stan Gifford took the lead in doubles with 1,331, and Lillard vaulted into first place in the all-events (total for nine games) with 2,018, or better than a 224 average. As of last week, these scores were still on top, and only three or four of the country's better bowlers had yet to roll.

If, as expected, the standings remain unchanged through the night of May 20, Lillard will have become the first man in history to win three ABC titles *in the same year*, the first to take the

THE RELIABLE ROLL which has made *William Terrence Lillard a record breaker* produced spectacular score on tough lanes.

All-Star and an ABC individual event in the same year and he will join Wilman, Fred Bujack of Detroit and the late John Koster as the only men ever to win four ABC championships (Lillard was a member of the Pfeiffers when they won the team event last year). To give you a further idea of the magnitude of his achievement, 4,800,000 games have been rolled in 53 years of ABC competition and seldom have even two titles been won in a nine-game series.

The 40 lanes set up in Rochester's Community War Memorial specially for the ABC, incidentally, were the toughest in years, with the result that scores generally were low. The Lillard-Gifford doubles total, for example, would not have won in any ABC since 1934; the Falstaffs' score has been bettered seven times in the past 19 years; Lillard's 2,018 is the eighth highest in all events. It is axiomatic that when alleys "won't run," as they say, for *right-handers, they are easier for left*ies. And Southpaw George Wade, 33-year-old bowling establishment manager from Steubenville, Ohio, found them to his liking. Wade came through with a lusty 744 to take the singles lead. From all accounts he got tough breaks, too, leaving seven No. 7 pins —the equivalent of 10-pin "taps" for a right-hander—which broke up strings of strikes. Had any two of them fallen, he would have had 42 more pins and smashed the 775 record set by Lee *Jouglard of Detroit in* 1951.

Since most of the remaining teams scheduled to bowl in the ABC are under-average—875—boosters, the spotlight at Rochester is turning on the Masters, the third leg of bowling's Triple Crown (the All-Star and ABC all-events being the other prestige contests). Thirty-two stars, including Lillard, are seeded into the finals, and 240 other bowlers will roll an eight-game qualifying round to determine the remaining 32 finalists. The 64 will start *head-and-head competition on* May 13, with total pins for four games deciding each match. One loss puts a man into the losers' bracket. A second loss eliminates him. The field narrows down more and more until, on the final night, only two are left.

Among the favorites are the ever-dangerous Nagy, 1955 U.S. champion; Buzz Fazio, winner of the 1955 Masters; Don Carter, twice national titleholder; and Gifford, the youngster who came out of Portland, Ore. last summer and won $8,600, including $5,000 for bowling a perfect 300, on a television show broadcast by at least 135 stations. And, of course, Lillard, who has shown he can hit the ABC alleys on which the Masters also will be contested. Since no one has ever won two legs of the Triple Crown, it might seem fantastic to suggest Lillard could take all three. But this much is certain: the crowd will be behind him, for he has suddenly become the most colorful figure in the game. END

THE OUTDOOR WEEK

EDITED BY ED ZERN AND TOM LINEAWEAVER

Based on regular weekly dispatches from SI bureaus and special correspondents in the U.S., Canada, Mexico and overseas; and on reports from fish and game commissions of the 48 states and Alaska

Senators clash over the late Bernard DeVoto, an Air Force squadron takes a flyer at conservation and Montana biologists find geese are silly after all

POT BOILING

THE Senators from Oregon, Richard Neuberger and Wayne Morse, recently introduced a bill to honor the late conservationist, writer and editor Bernard DeVoto (OUTDOOR WEEK, March 12), by giving his name to what is now Idaho's Clearwater National Forest. The bill was a sincere tribute to a dedicated conservationist (and incidentally a Democrat) but immediate and strenuous reaction of Idaho Senators Dworshak and Welker, both of whom possess a built-in antipathy to Democrats dead or alive, was hardly unexpected.

Remarked Henry Dworshak: "Asinine." Remarked Herman Welker somewhat more volubly: "The antics of the two Senators from my neighboring state of Oregon never cease to amaze me. Particularly I am amused by the outstanding contributions of the junior Senator from that state, Neuberger . . . Having a few moments free from his staunch defense of White House squirrels, he now has the audacity to try to change the name of one of our historical landmarks in Idaho. I think," continued Welker, "that Senators Neuberger and Morse will find that they have bitten off a little more than they can chew when they attempt to tell the people of Idaho what to do with forests . . . in the state."

Retorted Neuberger: "I chose the Clearwater National Forest to bear Mr. DeVoto's name because it is associated in our history with the Lewis and Clark expedition which he describes in many of his notable books. I hope Senator Welker now does not try to erase Captain Meriwether Lewis' name from that part of Idaho because the immortal Captain Lewis was a Democrat from the distant state of Virginia."

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THE GAME-SAVING 4004TH

THE Armed Services, which often panic conservationists by repeated attempts to pre-empt large chunks of wildlife refuges in the name of national defense and by adopting at times a rather cavalier attitude toward game and game laws within the boundaries of military reservations, have recently given good cause for considered rejoicing. An outstanding example is the 4004th Air Base Squadron of the Strategic Air Command at Matagorda Island, Texas. The 4004th has just been presented with the Frank M. Wood Wildlife Conservation Award, donated by Wood himself, a conservation-minded oil man, and will receive the District Conservation Award for transforming Matagorda Island from a rather barren proposition into an area which supports a variety of game. Proposed by Brigadier General C. T. Edwinson, approved by SAC Commander in Chief Curtis LeMay, and led by Matagorda Island base commander Major Richard E. Freeman, the conservation project was started by men and officers of the 4004th in February of 1955.

MAJOR RICHARD E. FREEMAN led his men to a major conservation award.

With advice from state and federal wildlife experts, 300 volunteers frequently sacrificed their free time to conservation. So far they have created 34 new fresh-water areas for wildfowl use, fenced and seeded 220 acres of land to provide game food and habitat, planted 250 quail cover patches, built 35 wild-turkey roosts and increased deer browse potential. The result of little more than a year's effort shows game populations on the 35-by-2-mile island to be up significantly. Wild turkey have jumped from a few pairs to more than 40, and what was once a handful of deer has expanded to the point where 4004th sportsmen could safely harvest 200 during the past season. And those deer, like all game on Matagorda Island, were taken in full compliance with state and federal game laws. Conservation, Major Freeman and the 4004th have convincingly demonstrated, pays handsome wildlife dividends.

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THE END

INDIAN tribes from all corners of the Pacific Northwest gathered at The Dalles, Oregon last week to play the final act in an age-old and much publicized drama. Perched on flimsy stands over Celilo Falls, the Indians dip-netted salmon bound up the Columbia River to spawning beds in far-off Idaho—but for the last time. Before very long, famed Celilo Falls will be submerged in backed-up water from the new Dalles Dam.

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HALF-ACRE HASSLE

WHEN New York City recently announced that it would strip a half acre of Central Park to increase parking facilities for a tavern therein, it ran into vociferous opposition from a bevy of mothers, tree lovers and assorted conservationists. Bulldozers, nevertheless, have a weight advantage over flesh and blood, and while a tearful crowd looked on, four trees went down. The protestants retreated to court requesting a temporary injunction. Last week they got it, and in rendering his decision, State Supreme Court Justice Samuel H. Hofstadter, in an urban application, echoed conservationist sentiment generally.

"It is," the justice stated, "a sufficiently grave question whether a half acre of park land, shrubbery and trees . . . may be sacrificed to a contemplated use of compounded dubiety; *i.e.*, more parking space for 80 more cars for an enlarged cocktail lounge of a plush restaurant."

The justice observed that it seemed "most doubtful if the benevolent and far-sighted genius of Messrs. Olmstead and Vaux who laid out Central Park envisaged a bucolic night club. Certainly it cannot be argued that there is any dearth of cocktail lounges, bars and cabarets in our city and in this very vicinity."

Justice Hofstadter then suggested that perhaps Robert Moses, New York City Commissioner of Parks, regarded a half acre as "*de minimis*."

"But," he concluded, "no foot, or even inch of park space is expendable in our teeming metropolis."

Most conservationists would add "or anywhere else in the United States."

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BIRD BRAINS

IN a report on the movements of wild geese in the Ninepipe and Pablo reservoir refuges in the Flathead Valley, Montana Biologists Dwight Stockstad and John Craighead lend considerable weight to the adage "silly as a goose" and fray the popular notion that geese are peculiarly canny in avoiding hunters.

Far from learning shooting hours and staying put during them, the report states, 90% of the geese in Ninepipe and Pablo reservoirs flew out during broad and legal daylight. While at times only 38% of these sailed over waiting guns, that was due more to a lack of hunters than a prevalence of brains among geese. On days of particularly heavy hunter concentration as high as 70% of the geese honked within range.

Even where there were safe escape routes, few geese used them. "On Ninepipe reservoir," the report continues, "there were two corridors . . . where geese could leave the refuge and attain considerable height before reaching the point where guns could shoot at them. But movement data showed that relatively few flocks utilized these corridors and probably no geese learned that such flight lanes were relatively safe. Certain flocks followed well-defined patterns day after day in spite of formidable arrays of guns and men."

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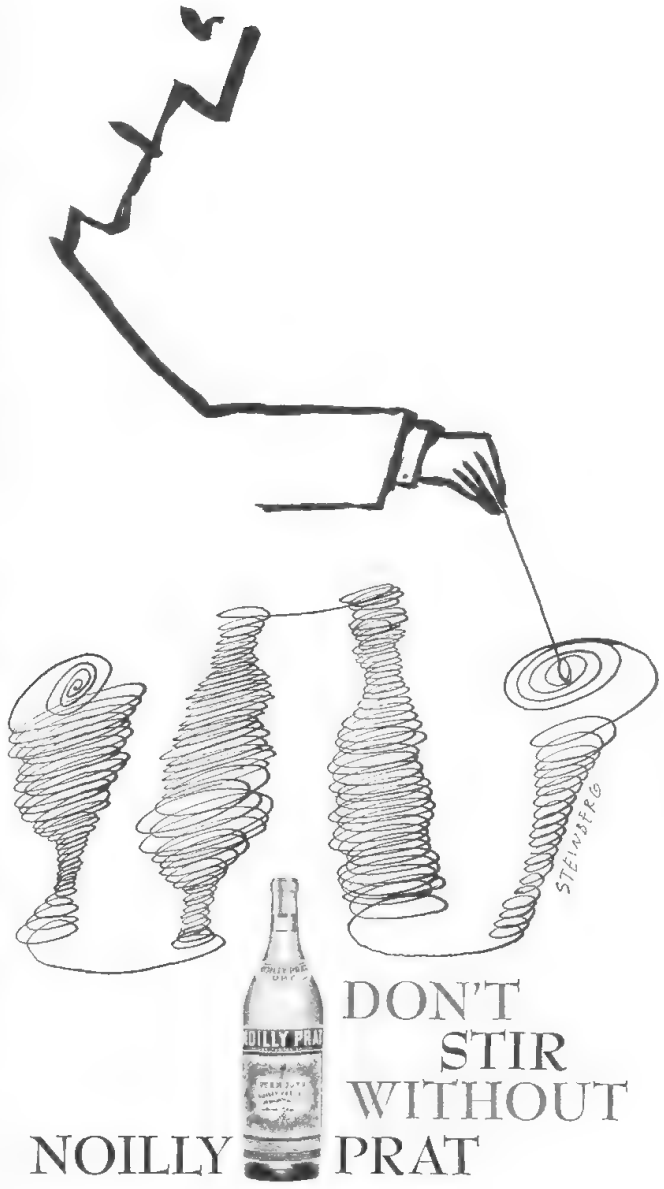

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THE OUTDOOR WEEK

continued from page 63

In conclusion, Biologists Craighead and Stockstad offer a few statistics which indicate that goose hunters as well as geese have something to learn. During the 1954 season in Flathead Valley, only 6% of the wildfowlers shot 50% of all geese bagged. More than half of all the hunters went home altogether gooseless.

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FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

SO—season opened (or opens); **SC**—season closed (or closes). **C**—clear water; **D**—water dirty or roily; **M** water muddy. **N**—water at normal height; **SH** slightly high; **H**—high; **VH** very high. **L** low. **R** rising. **F** falling. **WT50**—water temperature 50°. **FG**—fishing good, **FF**—fishing fair; **FP**—fishing poor; **OG**—outlook good; **OF**—outlook fair; **OP**—outlook poor

TROUT: NEW JERSEY: Hatchery truck followers, traditional nuisances in this state, are now using airplanes to follow truck movements, says Game Warden Harry Morrison, who reports at least one private airplane being used to spot new plantings. Meanwhile warm weather has brought some fair hatches to Flatbrook and Pequest rivers, and **OF/G** for dry fly fishing this coming week.

WASHINGTON: Last week's hot spots were Trout Lake in Pend Oreille County, Amber Lake in Spokane County, Deer Springs in Lincoln County, Hidden, Pearygin, Patterson, Big Twin, Spectacle and Conconully Reservoir in Chelan-Okanogan area, Tanwax in Pierce County, Deep and Clear lakes in Thurston County, Buffalo, Blue and Park in Columbia basin, American Lake near Tacoma producing frequent limits of silver trout to still-fishermen, Lake Whatcom trollers taking occasional big cutthroats to 5½ pounds, rainbows to 5 pounds, on plugs and spoons. Hummel Lake on Lopez Island continues fairly hot. Nights are still cold but **OG** as water warms. High lake and stream **SO** May 22.

CALIFORNIA: East slope of the Sierra continues tops for big trout after first week of open season; hot spots are Crowley Lake, Owens River and West Walker; biggest trout reported so far is 9-pound 7-ounce brown taken by Darwin Tockey of Bishop, near chalk bluffs in the lower Owens. **FG** and **OG** at June and Gull lakes. All high passes snowed in by late storms and won't be open until June. West slope Sierra streams reported **H** and **FP**. Merced, Tuolumne, San Joaquin, Kings and Tule rivers **H, D, FP/F.** High country still closed. Lower Kern River and Isabella Reservoir **FG.** In northern areas bait fishermen scoring despite roily water in heavily stocked streams; best are Battle and Cow creeks, Lake Almanor was too rough for boats most of last week but **FG** from shore. Main Trinity River **SM** and **D** but **FF** in smaller creeks throughout watershed. Season two weeks late in most northern waters, and **OF, SO** May 19 in Plumas, Sierra, Placer, Yuba, El Dorado, Alpine, Amador, Calaveras and part of Butte counties. **OG** for Truckee, American and Yuba rivers.

MAINE: At Eagle Lake on Mount Desert Island over 300 trout from 1 to 3 pounds have been taken by fly and spin fishermen at Nig's Cove since **SO** May 1. Moose River at Moosehead also hot.

PENNSYLVANIA: Despite some improvement in central Pennsylvania **F** still **P. WT** 50-55 with some Hendrickson hatches reported on the Yellow Breeches in Brandtsville area. Reports from Tuscarora Creek are poor and best spot seems to be Big Springs in Cumberland County.

MICHIGAN: All streams **N, C, FF** and **OG** when weather warms. Meanwhile experimental trout lakes are producing occasional lunkers, such as 11-pound 12-ounce rainbow caught on worm last week in Starvation Lake, Kalkaska County.

NEW MEXICO: Upper Rio Grande, upper and lower Brazos and Lower Chama **FG** and **OG. OG** for Pecos River above falls, by trail, and **FF** and **OF** for lower Pecos.

IDAHO: Lake Pend Oreille opened last week but wind and weather kept boats off lake. Don Butler, Sandpoint high school senior, nailed a 26-pounder on spinning tackle from shore in Samowen Bay. Warmer weather and settled conditions needed for **FG;** trolling will get most and biggest trout. On Snake River **FG** at Hagerman Indian Springs and below Strike Dam.

VIRGINIA: As **SO** May 1 with 100,000 anglers fishing 150 stocked streams, spot check on South River above Bassett showed that 100 fishermen on fished for 256 hours on opening day to catch an average of 2.4 trout averaging 9 inches.

NEW HAMPSHIRE: **OF** for brook trout in southern half of state but weather is still too cold for peak fishing and northern New Hampshire is still ice-bound.

KINGFISH: BAHAMA ISLANDS. A 14-pounder was caught last week as kingfish are putting in an early summer appearance; **OF/G.**

FLORIDA: On west coast a few stragglers are still being taken off Sarasota and Venice but main schools are off northwest Florida in deep water 20 miles off shore; **OG** when they move landward, probably within next 10 days.

ATLANTIC SALMON: MAINE: Over 50 Atlantic salmon have been killed in Pleasant River in state's easternmost county Washington, and **OF/G.**

NOVA SCOTIA: **SO** April 15 except in Hants County Colchester and Cumberland waters flowing into Bay of Fundy and north Cumberland Strait, and Antigonish, Pictou and Inverness counties; five salmon reported last week (two from Lahave River and one each from Lequille, Round Hill and Medway). Water levels range from **SH** to **VH** all **WT** low but next two weeks should see marked improvement.

BLUEFISH: LOUISIANA: When an east wind isn't piling muddy water from the Mississippi River into the Gulf off Grand Isle 2½ to 3-pound bluefish have been clobbering trolled lures near the outer oil rigs. One party brought in 127 blues last Sunday taken on No. 2 and 3 drone spoons.

NORTH CAROLINA: Blues are plentiful from Virginia state line to Morehead City area; trollers and surf casters in Hatteras area have been catching hundreds of snappers and oldtimers predict a run of larger fish by mid-May.

TARPON: LOUISIANA: For second consecutive year first tarpon of season off Louisiana coast has been caught by a woman: Mrs. Lester Plaisance of Golden Meadow, La., took a 120-pounder on the Gulf four miles below Timbalier Island on a trolled spoon. **OG** in proven waters all along the Louisiana coast.

FLORIDA: This should be best month of tarpon season for Keys but some top guides have canceled charters and will cancel more if high winds don't let up; fish are in area but are sulking in deep water and **FP** until wind lies down and riled water clears. On west coast hot weather and last week's rains are producing tarpon on northward migration, they should be in Venice area within next two weeks.

FISH BOX

Among last week's noteworthy catches: A 9-pound 14-ounce LARGEMOUTH BASS caught by 16-year-old Richard Madison Jr. of Lester Manor, Va., from a King William County pond on a plug; a GREAT HORNED OWL which tried to fly off with a plug cast by F. W. Purcell of Cincinnati, Ohio, at Tennessee's Center Hill Lake; a 42-pound CHANNEL BASS caught by Tommy Lane of Elizabeth City, N.C., while casting from an Elizabeth City pier with spinning rod, 12-pound test line and metal lure.

LOOKOUT FOR KALINE

continued from page 36

know he'll get his foot in the door, but you've got to be tough with yourself and visualize him several years ahead, figure how big and strong he'll be and what the need for his kind of player will be. The third type of boy you look at will be the real green pea, in his early teens, and with him you've got to look 10 years ahead. If he shows you a good arm and a good spirit, maybe you'll go visit his parents and see who he looks like, which member of the family he's apt to take after in size and strength. It's like being an insurance inspector."

A case in point is another budding Tiger star and Katalinas product named Steve Demeter, a husky young third baseman who hit .285 at Buffalo last year and made the International League All-Star team. He is being further seasoned at Charleston in the American Association this year in view of Ray Boone's preeminence at third for the Tigers. Demeter is a husky but short boy, and Katalinas carefully *studied not only him but his family* before deciding that, in this case, determination and strength would make up *for lack of height. The Demeters live* in Homer City, Pa., where Katalinas first saw Steve play high school ball in 1952 and was impressed with the young man's arm. Next to his home, on the far side of town, Steve had hacked out a rough diamond for himself in an adjacent field with a bulldozer, built a crude backstop, and practiced batting for hours with two neighborhood chums. Katalinas cultivated the Demeters assiduously. Eventually, Detroit recommended Steve for a scholarship to Notre Dame, but, despite his being a good student, he decided to go right into professional baseball, and, though the Red Sox and the Pirates had originally had the inside track, Steve Demeter signed with Katalinas. "Ed's one of those fellows who gets right into the home," he says. "My mother liked him right away."

Other Katalinas products of promise include Paul Foytack, a young fastball pitcher now on the Tiger staff, *picked out of a Sunday league in Pennsylvania*; Tom Yewcik, a former Michigan State star quarterback, now in the *Army, who was spied by Katalinas as* a 15-year-old catcher in an amateur tournament in Johnstown, Pa.; Bill Hoffer, a heavy-hitting outfielder at Charleston, first seen by Katalinas at the Army barracks in Carlisle, Pa.; Joe Lewis, a former Duke University pitching star; Al Pehanick, a 6-foot 4-inch *side-wheeling pitcher spotted* by Katalinas at Scranton's West Side High; Jack Fickinger, a southpaw almost as tall from Ashland, Pa.; and Paul Franks, another left-hander, who caught Katalinas' eye right in his home town of Shenandoah.

Katalinas' large crop of young players is the direct result of a hard work year. After the World Series, he and his wife Mary enjoy a month or so of football, taking in both college and professional games in Pennsylvania. This is the only time of the year when the Katalinas family—which includes Mary, 16, Ann, 14, and Joan, 13—is intact for more than a week at a stretch. The banquet circuit then summons Katalinas, and this gives him an opportunity to meet coaches and players locally. There are also sub-scouts to visit—Katalinas has 15 working for him, mostly recreation workers, school teachers and semipro managers—and, since New England has now been added *temporarily to his own territory*, he has a lot of ground to cover.

A CLINIC FOR KIDS

Until three years ago Katalinas did quite a bit of basketball refereeing over a 100-mile area, but he found it too strenuous. He still does some substitute teaching in local high schools and helps run a baseball clinic for the Little League and the Babe Ruth League in Shenandoah, where he makes contacts with teen-age stars. "We don't ordinarily scout kids in the 8- to 12-year-old Little League bracket," he says, "but the 13- to 15-year-olds in the Babe Ruth League are always worth watching." Throughout the fall and winter Katalinas does a vast amount of paper work, mostly letters—he mails out 3,000 a year to coaches, sub-scouts, and prospects and their parents—and has been known to send notes of encouragement to 10- and 11-year-old boys.

By the first of the year Katalinas gets ready for the coming scouting season. First he writes away for college schedules and then he works out a tentative schedule for himself. It will be partly predicated on "blind scouting," that is, dropping by a specific college to catch at least one game and make the acquaintance of a new coach, and partly on "recommended scouting," based on tips or personal knowledge about specific players Katalinas wants *to see again. A good player at the high* school or college level will be watched four or five times a season by a scout and *often 20 times over a four-year* period.

After he has his schedules prepared, Katalinas takes off for Tigertown, where a rookie instruction school starts

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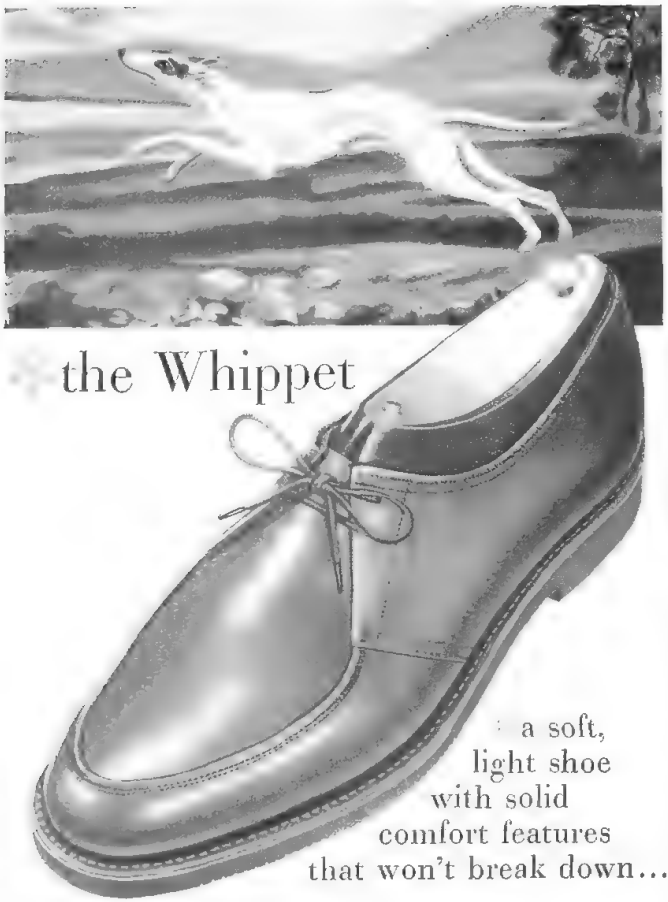

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LOOKOUT FOR KALINE

continued from page 65

as early as mid-February some years. He remains there until the end of March or the first week of April, helping to run the school and the training camps of the various Tiger farm teams that shuttle in and out. At Tigertown, Katalinas and the other scouts, some of whom, like Hudlin and Rowe, are also instructors, get the necessary opportunity to see the boys they have signed in direct competition with one another, on the basis of which they are assigned to minor leagues.

When Katalinas starts heading north in his Pontiac, the scouting season has formally begun. The southern college circuit is covered first. By the end of the short season, a report is sought on every boy who plays college ball. After each game he sees, Katalinas retires to his hotel room to do his homework. First he fills out a general game report, enlarging on the one he has kept during practice and the game, and this represents second thoughts on individual players and includes a summary of the coach's attitude; some coaches are anxious to help scouts and others are either uncooperative or are known to be friendly with opposition scouts. Then Katalinas prepares "Player Information" blanks on boys who have impressed him as being worthwhile spotting. These records will include basic biographical facts plus the scout's early opinion on a prospect's disposition and attitude, if this is as yet discernible (it may be added later). A separate column labeled "Playing Data" will be used to sum up important conclusions on a boy's ability and to note things to be watched next time. Special blanks headed "Blue Chip Prospects" are used for immediately outstanding players. In addition to preparing his own reports, Katalinas regularly goes over all those of his sub-scouts before sending them in to Detroit.

By the first of June, the signing period is at hand, and this is Katalinas' busiest time. He must then rush back over his course to corral those high school and college boys he figures are worth bringing into the Tiger system. Over a period of years, scouts learn to recognize and appraise their competition, and Katalinas knows by now which of the opposition will fight him tooth and nail for a prospect and which will tend to back off. The Tigers, in contrast to some other teams, go in for quality rather than quantity, and they have found their toughest competition

coming from the Yanks, the Dodgers, the Braves and the Phillies. The average signing age today is 17½, in contrast to 22 before the war when young players, in effect, worked their own way up through semipro or industrial league ball until they reached AA or AAA clubs. "Force-feeding" of their farm systems by major league teams out after youth makes the scouting competition that much tougher now, and Katalinas' signing period schedule will partly be based on calculated guesses about which scout is after what boy.

RUSHING ON THE ROAD

Throughout the baseball season, whenever he can, Katalinas takes in minor and major league games to keep his judgment sharp. On every professional game he watches, a report is also made, so that the Tigers will have full player data available in their files for drafting or trading purposes in the years ahead. Often, after scouting an amateur game in the afternoon (besides scouting the American Legion and Babe Ruth Leagues Katalinas takes in the various games and playoffs of the National Amateur Baseball Federation, the All-American Amateur Baseball Association and the American Baseball Congress, as well as Army, Navy and Air Force and Negro professional contests) he rushes off in his car to catch an Eastern or Pony League game at night. He sees 40 minor league and 50 major league games a season, in addition to a hundred or so amateur ones. At least once a summer he drives up to New Brunswick and Nova Scotia to canvass two good semipro leagues, scouting New England en route. Katalinas and other Tiger scouts carry telephone credit cards so they can use highway phone booths to check the weather in different cities or to call coaches or prospects on the road; twice weekly, Katalinas is in touch by phone with McHale in Detroit and with his home, to see if anyone has been calling him (he leaves his personal card with his prospects). Air travel cards are further vital equipment when a fast trip is required.

Living out of a suitcase and hotel rooms for half the year or more, Katalinas leads a salesman's existence in more ways than one. "It's a lonely life, all right," he says. "You're mostly alone with your thoughts and your dreams of prospects. You see an awful lot of bad baseball, of course, but when you spot a boy who's got it, and he delivers for you, maybe years later, you forget all about the heartaches and the failures. One Kaline makes up for them all." END

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VAULTING AMERICANS

continued from page 20

for the 100-pound sprouts to ride from perch to perch on Bragg's back.

Since Bragg's best vault (15 feet 5¼ inches) as a collegian at the relatively tender vaulting age of 20 is better than either Warmerdam or Richards did in college, and since two more Penns Grove rope swingers, his brother George and Ron Brady, are keeping pace with Bragg's performance as a high school vaulter, it would seem that one short cut to vaulting success lies through the trees. There are a number of sports actually—sprinting, rope climbing, gymnastics and hurdling—that develop somewhat the musculature, speed and snap action for vaulting. But the athlete remains basic raw material until he faces up to the vault itself. As a vaulter on the runway gets two or three strides from the vaulting box he begins a complex of actions designed to translate his runway momentum into vertical flight. In a precious second and a half the vaulter must slide the pole into the box, shift his bottom hand toward his top grip, take off, swing, pull up, turn over and push up, arc over and push away. Coming back down presents no great problem unless the pit tender happens to have left his rake buried in the sawdust.

BIG, VERSATILE MEN

Because of variations in physique and efficiency at various stages of the vault, no man can slavishly imitate another vaulter. But, generally speaking, the fundamentals remain the same. In the early '20s it was the vogue to execute a neat, sharp jackknife in clearing the bar. This was the last major error to be cleared out of the fundamentals, and it was a Norwegian, Charles Hoff, who led the way. Hoff was the first 14-foot vaulter; instead of jacking, Hoff simply flew away at the top of his vault. His presence on the vaulting scene also pointed up a few more facts generally accepted today. At 6 feet 2 inches and 165 pounds, Hoff was a good bit larger than the average vaulter of his day. He could sprint, broad-jump and high-jump well, reached the semifinals of the 400 meters in the 1924 Games and unofficially broke the decathlon record.

While there is a good chance a versatile, medium-sized vaulter like Richards (who won the national decathlon title three times) might break Warmerdam's record, since the days of Hoff it has become increasingly obvious that big men will eventually rule the event —that is, big, versatile men who can develop the speed, power and near-perfect form of Bob Richards.

In high school Don Bragg cleared 13½ feet, which was exceptional but no record (high schoolers have been clearing 13 feet for 30 years). At 6 feet 3 inches and 190 pounds, Bragg is the biggest yet to hit the top ranks, and it was largely his size and athletic versatility that prompted 19 colleges to look him up three years ago. Bragg picked Villanova University, which, though it has only 3,100 students, is a burgeoning track power and likely to be represented by three, and possibly five, men in the next Olympics. The eminence of Villanova can be put squarely on the head of Coach Jumbo Jim Elliott, a multi-careered man known well around Philadelphia as a tenacious scratch golfer and a successful contracting equipment salesman. Track coaches rate Elliott as a man with a good eye for spotting raw potential and for coaching and persuading good talent to do the near impossible. "Given the time," one appraiser has said, "Elliott could teach a seal to fly, or at least talk it into trying."

"I had almost no form," Don Bragg states, recalling his first year at Villanova. "I was still chicken-stepping down the runway. When Elliott saw me, we started almost all over again."

As a promising big man, Bragg has run into an unprecedented problem. Until he came along, the metal poles now used were considered durable. Swinging his 190 pounds up to 15 feet, in the past year Bragg has bent and discarded 11 poles. He has tried American steel and Swedish steel and aluminum. Everything bends. Villanova hopes that a new, reinforced-aluminum pole with a 90,000-pound stress per square inch will hold their big man through this season and the Olympics next November. The target for Bragg and every good vaulter right now is not Melbourne but the U.S. trials this June. It seems hard to believe, but by the pure mathematics of it at least two 15-foot vaulters won't make the team.

—COLES PHINIZY

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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What a mink coat does to perk up a lady, a Thunderbird does for a male

Mink Coat for Father

Never fails, mused the salesman, as he left the customer sitting dreamily in his new Thunderbird. Once they're behind the wheel—they're *really* sold! He thought back to a few minutes before when the customer had asked him:

"What's her horsepower?" "225," *answered the salesman. "It's a blood brother of the engine that out-accelerated all American production sports cars at Daytona Beach. She really scoots."*

"Looks it," replied the customer. Then his fingers lightly patted the Thunderbird's smooth glass-fibre hardtop. "Heavy?" *"One person can carry it easily. There's a smart convertible top available, too!"*

"Mmmm." The customer wandered around to the back of the car. "That rear-mounting for the spare tire extra?" *"Standard equipment. Means lots more room in the trunk."*

They walked back slowly toward the front of the Thunderbird. The customer opened the door. "I like the way the steering wheel adjusts to fit the driver." *"And it's a deep-center steering wheel," said the salesman, "a new Lifeguard feature. So are these double-grip door locks, optional seat belts and padding for the control panel and sun visors."*

The customer thought for a minute, and then quietly asked, "I'm six-foot-three. Don't suppose . . ." *"Almost four feet of leg room," broke in the salesman. "Climb in."*

"Say," said the customer, unwinding his long frame behind the wheel, "now I *know* this is the car for me!"

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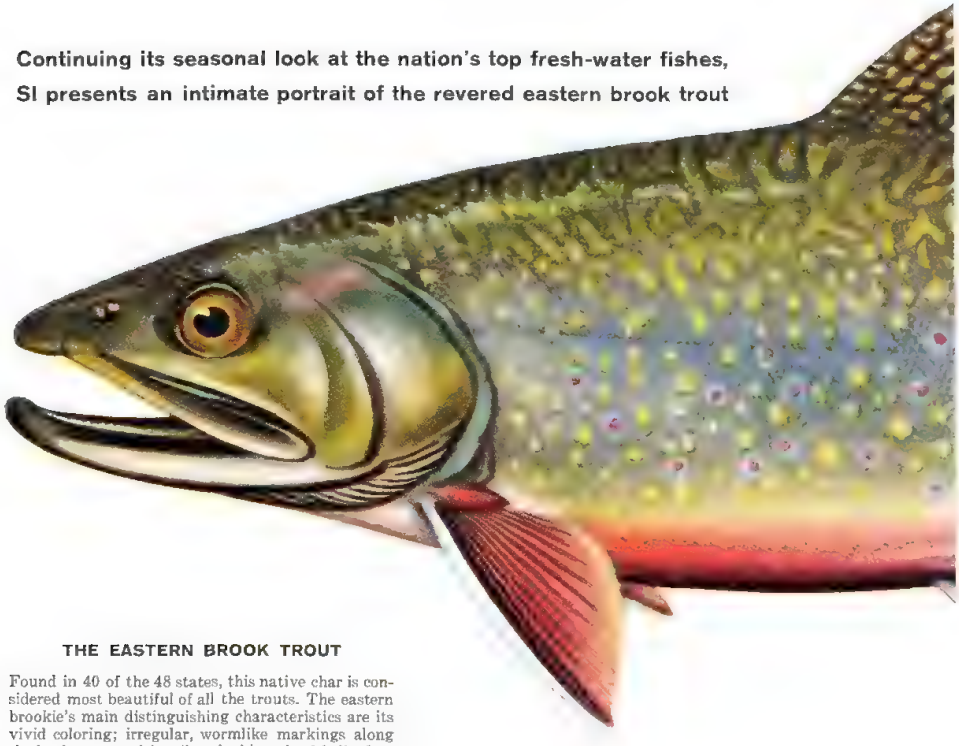
THE BROOKIE: AN

Continuing its seasonal look at the nation's top fresh-water fishes, SI presents an intimate portrait of the revered eastern brook trout



THE EASTERN BROOK TROUT

Found in 40 of the 48 states, this native char is considered most beautiful of all the trouts. The eastern brookie's main distinguishing characteristics are its vivid coloring; irregular, wormlike markings along the back; a squarish tail and white-edged belly fins.

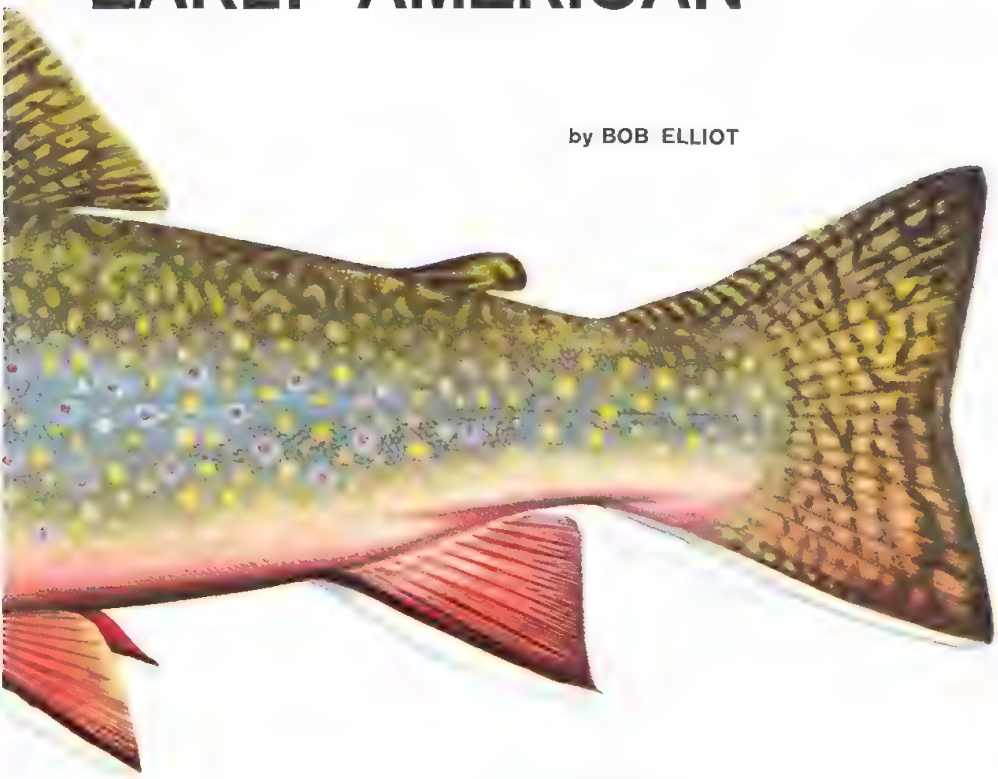
SAY "trout" and the elegantly wadered angler in New York or Pennsylvania thinks of the dry-fly man's favorite, the brownie (SI, April 30). To the rancher fly casting a mile-high Rocky Mountain creek it's the rough-and-tough cutthroat trout you're talking about—the "native" trout in most western states. To another army of trout fishers the word means that iridescent acrobat, the rainbow. But long before the brownie left Europe to try his fortune in the New World, long before the rainbow was transplanted from the Pacific slopes to midwest and eastern waters, the word "trout" had a clear, simple meaning. Even today to the New England sportsman "trout" means "squaretail"—the native eastern brook trout, most beautiful (and most dumb, say some brown trouters) of all this continent's fresh-water game fish.

The growth of inland sport fishing in America has been closely tied to the prevalence of this char. Early craftsmen designed progressively more delicate tackle for the gentlemen who went "trouting" on New York's then famous streams, the Beaverkill, Neversink and Willowemoc, and for those who followed the wilderness trails into Maine and Canada. The "tools" they gave to those early anglers were manual aids in a growing code of ethics. Lightly hooked on a tiny fly, carefully and skillfully played with a wandlike rod in sensitive hands, a noble trout might be released unharmed. Thus was good sportsmanship born and conservation begun.

Trout fishing was already an ancient activity when the English first came to America. The Bibles they brought with them quoted Isaiah's phrase: "All they that cast angles in the brooks . . .," and they had read Aelian's inference that "speckled fishes" were caught in the Astraeus River before Alexander the Great ruled. Thus, on a wild and foreign shore, nostalgia may easily have led these pioneers to mistake a char for the brown trout of their Devonshire streams. Here was something real, vitally alive, beautiful. Yet one of the more astonishing things in fishing annals is the fact that men even then should have regarded the eastern brook trout as something other than food. Ocean fish were taken with nets and trawls, the gallant Atlantic

EARLY AMERICAN

by BOB ELLIOT



PAINTING BY MAYNARD REECE

salmon were pitchforked from the shallows and spread over the land as fertilizer. The brook trout at first was taken in large quantities too; nevertheless, almost from the beginning it was not looked upon merely as fins, flesh and bone.

This regard for the eastern brook trout has been passed down through successive generations, and today anglers look at it with devotion and through tinted glasses. The mere mention of it stirs their emotions, almost as if they were thinking of the opposite human sex. A Maine guide tells of the reaction of an Ohio sportsman who brought to net for the first time in his life a wild two-pound trout while he was fishing in Black Brook, Aroostook County, Maine:

"He kneeled down in the water," the guide recalls, "and lifted the trout to his lips and kissed it. Then he carefully removed the small fly from the trout's lip and allowed the fish to swim away."

At the turn of the century, writers who then were accepted as authoritative termed the eastern brook trout "the game-fish which has been most written about and which is, perhaps, best and most widely known among anglers of the world." It is indeed true that millions of words have been spoken and written about this small char. The ascendancy of the eastern brook trout, again, is part and parcel of this nation's history. Men originally settled in the East, and the things they first cherished there still are cherished from coast to coast.

There are many more spectacular game fishes than the eastern brook trout. It rarely leaps out of water when it feels the barb. During a hatch of flies, the brookie sometimes will arc up and out and over and take a floating lure on the way down, but more often it rises modestly and sucks the fly in. Its lip is tender and the hook will pull free under excessive strain. Hooked, it often dives into the dark recesses of sharp rocks and sunken logs, to sulk until the chafing leader breaks apart. Then it rubs its jaw through the bottom gravel and soon loses the steel.

It need not be all things to all anglers, for it is that in the minds of Maine fishermen already. Surely it is here, it is there that another sleek-finned warrior lies waiting for the

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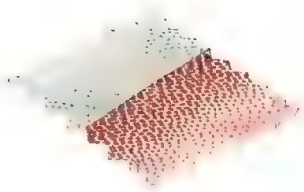

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continued from page 71

fly; perhaps even a trout that will break the world's record established in July 1916 by Dr. W. J. Cook, when he brought to net that 14½-pound speckled beauty in Ontario's Nipigon River.

The original natural range of the eastern brook trout was in eastern North America from Labrador to Hudson Bay, from the Great Lakes Region west to Saskatchewan and Minnesota, and southward in the Alleghenies to the headwater streams in the mountains of Georgia and Alabama. The northern limit of its range never has been accurately determined.

In the last century the brook trout was extensively introduced into many waters in North America and elsewhere; its distribution was wide over the North Temperate Zone. Unlike a black bass, the brook trout is easy to strip and early fish culturists went hog wild hatching it. Brookies were planted with complete abandon in this country and were exchanged for brown trout in northern Europe and the British Isles. In the cold mountain streams in certain areas they became well established and occasionally even proved hardier than existing native fishes. In other places, New Zealand for example, the introductions were a failure in nearly all waters.

Ichthyologists place the brook trout in the family *Salmonidae* and usually refer to it as one of the chars. The term char is one of convenience. It has no zoological significance other than its reference to a closely related group of trout inhabiting northern waters. A recognized Canadian authority on the chars lists at least six different species of chars in eastern North America: the eastern brook trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*); the Sunapee trout (*Salvelinus aureolus*); the arctic char *Salvelinus alpinus*); the Dolly Varden (*Salvelinus malma spectabilis*); the blueback trout (*Salvelinus oquassa*); and the lake trout (*Cristivomer namaycush*). These trout are closely related and under certain conditions it occasionally may be difficult to positively identify individual fish.

It is possible to cross the trout, too. Maine fisheries biologists have taken a few zebras, which have been identified as brown trout-brook trout hybrids. The splake, a lake trout-brook trout cross (SI, July 11, 1955), is another.

Nevertheless, the eastern brook trout is usually recognizable. In 1815 a New York scientist named Mitchill identified this fish as a new species of char (*Salvelinus*) and called it *fontinalis*, which means "living in springs."

The official name listed by the American Fisheries Society Committee on Scientific and Common Names is eastern brook trout, but fishermen locally have attached a number of other names to the eastern brookie. They call it a speckled char, cedar tree trout, snowshoe trout, native trout, mountain trout, red-spotted trout and salter (sea-run) trout, among others. The term *brook* trout is misleading. There are literally thousands of rivers, lakes, ponds, thoroughfares and bogs in Maine and Canada which contain the eastern brook trout. In many of these waters the lake trout (called a togue in Maine) is also found. To distinguish between them, nomenclature identifies

FISH FINGERPRINT is what this photomicrograph of a brook trout's scale looks like, but its rings tell a trout's true age.

Salvelinus fontinalis in Maine as a squaretail trout and in Canada as a speckled trout.

The color of the back and sides of a brook trout is dark olive. The back is marbled or barred (*see painting on pages 74-75*). There are numerous spots on the sides, usually red but sometimes running into orange or yellow. The belly is light, but frequently it is the same color as the spots on the sides and may be gold or fiery red in the spawning season. The lower fins are dusky. Often they are orange with a line of black and in the fall a conspicuous edge of white. In the spawning season the male has a hooked lower jaw.

There are color variations not only on brookies in different waters but even on the same fish, according to the season. The richness of color in the fall

continued on next page

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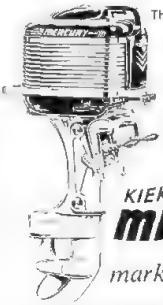

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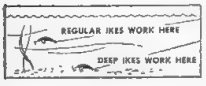

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BROOK TROUT

continued from page 73

spawning time is unbelievable, particularly on the male.

Though the skin shines when a trout is taken from the water, it is not particularly slippery and there is a healthy firmness to the flesh.

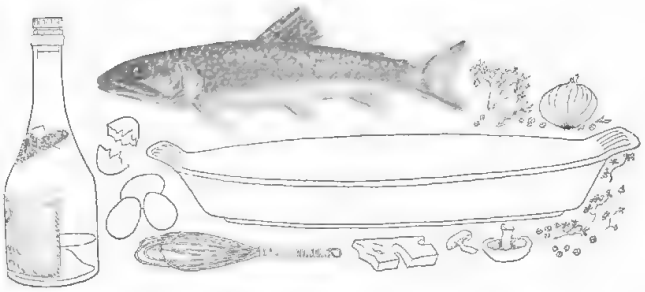
The growth rings on scales of *Salvelinus fontinalis* (*see page 77*) suggest that the species may expect to live but two or three years, on the average. Because they believe that some brook trout in streams may mature and die without ever reaching a length of six inches, certain states are reducing legal length limits for fishing on the species. A brook trout which lives as long as six years is considered by fishery experts to be quite old.

Growth rate, further research shows, may be rapid where food conditions are ideal in lakes and ponds. A three- or four-pound brook trout still may be a comparatively young fish.

In the middle 1800s this kind of information was not available. A certain Professor Agassiz, widely known in the Rangeley, Maine area, was asked the probable age of eight brook trout, weighing from 5½ to 8 pounds, caught by a George Shepard Page of New York City. "They might be 10 or 200 years old," he is said to have replied.

Brook trout of two, three or even four pounds are not uncommon in sections of Canada and Maine today, but

HOW TO COOK THE TASTIEST TROUT OF ALL



If the trout are to be kept only a day, or placed in a refrigerator, they need not be cleaned at once. But if they are kept longer, or in unusually hot weather, it is best to clean immediately. In both cases keep air away from direct contact with the trout and keep them moist but not wet.

Open medium-sized trout from the gills *and along the belly to the ventral fins*, or slightly beyond. The gills are gripped and pulled, freeing these and the intestines. Scrape away line of blood along the inside of the backbone with a knife. Wash thoroughly both inside and out. Once cleaned, especially if ice is not available, it is best to wrap the trout in absorbent paper, pressing the paper into the body cavity as well.

Among Author Elliot's favorite recipes baked trout ranks high, but in all cases, he believes, to retain the most flavor, the "fancy" methods should be avoided. Trout is never better than when fried in butter or broiled with pork scraps attached by means of toothpicks. Salt and pepper and a little lemon juice are the only requisites.

On baking he says: When baking a trout of three or four pounds, the fish may be stuffed if desired. It should be placed on buttered paper and have strips of salt pork laid over it or secured with toothpicks. If it is stuffed, it can be held together with toothpicks and string.

For the stuffing, pour half a cup of melted butter and a little hot water over two cups each of cracker crumbs and crumbled bread. Stir in an egg, salt, pepper and either half a teaspoon of poultry seasoning or a couple of tablespoons of lemon juice and a little parsley. Stuff to suit taste.

The trout will cook in an hour or less, in a slow to moderate oven. Served with an egg sauce, it's a worthwhile dish.

For the fancier palate baked Brook Trout *Montbarry* is suggested by Chef Aime Berard of the Rolling Rock Club, Ligonier, Pa. His recipe:

Clean six brook trout of uniform size, season to taste with salt and freshly ground black pepper. Line a well-buttered baking dish with one teaspoon each of finely chopped parsley, onion, chives and chervil; three heaping tablespoons finely chopped raw mushrooms; and a few leaves of fresh tarragon. Place the fish on this mixture and baste with two tablespoons of soft butter. Cover the dish with buttered paper, place in a 450° oven for 10 minutes.

Beat together four egg yolks and three tablespoons brandy. Remove the paper and pour this over the trout. Sprinkle with five tablespoons of buttered soft bread crumbs, the same amount of grated Swiss cheese; add a touch of paprika. Return to the oven to brown the crumbs. Serve in the baking dish. With it the chef serves six grilled large onions and six thick tomato slices, each topped with a grilled mushroom cap. This is probably the type of trout dish to be served at home rather than at camp but, wherever served, it is very good.

fish of this species, which weigh five pounds and more, are hardly numerous. The modern angler is more apt to measure his trout in inches.

The present range of *Salvelinus fontinalis* in Canada is placed by most authorities as follows: Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Quebec, northern Ontario and one or two localities in northern Manitoba. The possibility of catching a real trophy trout is best in one of these provinces or in Maine, with the addition of a few waters in the midwestern and western states, such as those bordering on the Great Lakes and in Idaho, Oregon and Montana.

To entice such outsize brook trout to strike, an angler can employ almost any spinning lure, where this kind of fishing is legal. However, fly fishing and trout are practically synonymous words. One pattern that is particularly effective on big brook trout is the Black Ghost streamer fly. The Red and White Bucktail, Mickey Finn, Gray Ghost, Governor Aiken (Vermont) and others are popular.

It is generally recognized that big fish of any species prefer to lie near the bottom of a pool in a stream or pond. Heavy eastern brook trout follow this course, rising occasionally to take insects from the surface or just below, but more often feeding deep on minnows when these are present. The streamer fly is therefore tied to resemble a minnow.

The fly should be fished deep, near or just off the bottom. The rod should weigh from four to five and a half ounces, as there is considerable resistance to such a bulky fly. The line by all odds should be of silk or of one of the new materials which will *sink*. Nylon fly lines are excellent for floating dry flies and nymphs, fished just below the surface. The sinking fly requires a line that will carry it down, as weighted flies are illegal in many places. Streamers and bucktails are tied on long-shank hooks, in sizes from big 2s down to smaller 10s. Often the heavier trout will hit a fly of this type best. The cast is made. There is a pause of several minutes to make certain the Black Ghost rests on the bottom, or close to it. Then the rod is lifted smartly and, held in the right hand, it is given an up-and-down jerking motion as the fly line is retrieved with the left hand. The streamer is brought in sharply, then allowed to quiver and breathe, almost stopped. Then the line is jerked again, along with the rod. This is repeated until the lure is in sight near the

continued on next page

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ROANOKE

BATES Originals

BATES SHOE COMPANY, WEBSTER, MASSACHUSETTS

BROOK TROUT

continued from page 75

surface. The casts continue. A big trout may hit at once, or he may have to be teased into striking by persistent and patient fishing.

In clear water, when trout are rising, a small (No. 16 or 20) wet fly finnied on a very fine, long leader and correspondingly lighter tackle, may turn the trick. An all-black hair fly is good, especially in the northeast. Many other standard patterns are used.

Floaters are effective when brook trout are actively feeding on the surface. The Brown Wulff, White Wulff, Yellow and Brown Bivisible are all takers. The Parmachenee Belle, Black Gnat, Light Cahill, Montreal, Yellow May, Hendrickson, Beaverkill are also effective.

In the Province of Nova Scotia some of the sea-run trout will weigh as much as five and six pounds. In many other Atlantic tidal streams similarly heavy trout doubtless are migrating annually.

Recognized Canadian authorities indicate that sea trout in the provinces descend to the ocean in April, May and June, in three groups: "smolts," "kelts" (large trout which have been spawned the previous fall) and immature large trout which are going to the sea for the second time. Tagging indicates that the trout stay in salt water about two months. The majority return to the rivers in July and spawn upriver in October. The trout are silvery in appearance, similar to adult Atlantic salmon, but this coating wears off after some time in fresh water.

Sportsmen who fish in Nova Scotia for sea trout find these wet flies effective: White Admiral, Hemsworth, Butcher and Professor. They are popular in sizes 4 to 8. Dry flies, in sizes 10 to 16, are used by sea trout anglers too, as for example brown and gray Bivisible, Brown Wulff, Royal Coachman and Black Gnat.

The future holds both despair and promise for the angler who esteems *Salvelinus fontinalis* above all other fishes. This is not a trout of civilization, and many of the streams which once coursed through wilderness country now are running through towns and cities. The wild lands are being opened up with lumbering and new roads. But there still remain many hundreds of thousands of square miles on this continent which are very largely unexploited, and several generations yet may experience the thrilling sport of brook-trout fishing in nearly virgin country. END

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THE DERBY

continued from page 15

started he flew. He roared from 16th to be seventh after one mile, at which point Fabius, the Calumet speed horse, was in the lead, followed by No Regrets and a fading Terrang. "When I went into those horses they just seemed to spread for me," says Erb. "Nothing could have worked better for us—or luckier." Rounding into the stretch the Florida champion, miraculously avoiding the trouble which comes so often to a stretch runner overtaking tired horses, Needles was now second but only a head away from Fabius. A fraction of a minute later they had locked in a stretch duel, but instinctively you felt that a horse who had come up from next-to-last was now not to be denied his victory. Willie Hartack and Fabius gave it a superb try, but Erb and Needles were better at this sort of late running, and as they swept down on the money—to the accompaniment of 100,000 cheers and sighs—there could be little argument that the best horse had won a classic victory.

It may be slightly early to try to re-evaluate the 3-year-olds on the basis of just one more in the long succession of sophomore stakes, but the latest Derby may be of special significance, for it shows us, among other things, that quite a few of the well-thought-of contenders may not be quite as formidable as we had first been led to believe. Fabius, for instance, will be a tough one for distances under the Derby's mile and a quarter. Head Man (8th), No Regrets (7th) and Terrang (12th) now look as though they may be strictly milers. As for Career Boy, who came from 15th place to wind up sixth, it looks as though his only chance to get the better of Needles will be in the mile-and-a-half Belmont Stakes.

When it was all over, the Florida contingent pitched in to celebrate all over again at the track. The happy quartet of Dudley, Heath, Fontaine and Erb did their best to retain that air of pleasant confidence that has been so characteristic of them ever since they teamed up with Needles. "I guess," said a beaming Heath, "this is a glory beyond all description." Noncommittal Hugh Fontaine was his usual self: "I guess we did it, all right."

And as for Needles, the new champion turned in early. After all, he had justified the party in Evansville, Ind. and now wouldn't have to go back to work for another two weeks. END

NO RETURN

continued from page 29

Derby on general principles. I don't think he enjoys crowds, even if he earns his hay and oats out of them and, until his pride becomes inflamed, despite his proud ancestry, I don't think he likes to run or that he enjoys athletic discipline. He looked slow, cross and sulky when he walked from the paddock to the track at 4:30 that afternoon. He obviously did not like the track or the demands it would put upon him. In fact, he was much more petulant than any of his fellow competitors when the band struck up *My Old Kentucky Home*. He was lethargic when he was maneuvered into the starting gates, and when the trap was sprung, if that is the word for it, he ran carelessly at the tail end of the procession, not briskly or conscientiously like Head Man or Fabius. Needles was negligible during most of the mile. His interest only seemed to waken when the race neared the home stretch. Mr. Erb, who rode him and therefore was in complete rapport with Needles and is tops in the riding business, confessed later that he was worried. Needles, who usually could run his own race, was further behind than Mr. Erb had ever known him to be before, and unusual urging was required to awaken him to the critical aspect of the situation.

Nevertheless, Needles still gave the appearance of being intensely bored when it was over. He fretted when he was led to the Horseshoe Lawn flanked by the ornamental flower beds whose patterns must have been a survival from the last century and by the pools with fountains gushing out of rocky bases reminiscent of Tennyson's *Princess*. I wish, by the way, that the Grounds Committee of Happy Knoll might travel to Louisville to examine their landscaped decorations. A little of it would add greatly to the gaiety of the putting course.

It appeared to annoy Needles—and I don't blame him—to be covered with a blanket of roses that made him look like a caisson in a military funeral, and he perceptibly winced when Mr. Erb was handed a sheaf of American Beauty roses with longer stems than any now supplied by ordinary greenhouses. In fact, I have not seen such roses since I observed the ones that reposed last year in the gold-plated cup that was presented to Benny Muldoon by our Golf Committee on the occasion when we honestly feared that he would leave us and sell his services to the Hard Hollow Country Club.

THE MIND OF A HORSE

Needles, I honestly believe, was glad to be led away by his familiar attendants, pleasantly fatigued, with the roar of the crowd no longer in his ears. I do not honestly believe that he enjoyed his Derby victory. Of course, it is impossible to project oneself into the amazingly simple but peculiar mind of a horse. A horse, we know, can remember all sorts of things, such as small slights and insults, but he seldom appears capable of grasping the full implications of the present. No one will ever know what Needles thought in the greatest moment of his career, the moment which has certainly raised his cash value closer to that of Nashua, but then the Needles mind does not deal with dollars and inflation. It is concerned instead with instincts inherited from a long proud bloodline of horses that can run. Fortunately, the reaction of Needles to himself is important only to some remote echelon of academic psychology. All that counts is what Needles did to a very great number of people who came from all parts of the country to watch him run at the distinguished and venerable track at Churchill Downs. They came from everywhere, from all walks of life, and obviously they loved it. In fact, it may be horses like Needles who make a pilgrimage like the Kentucky Derby pilgrimage possible. There can be no other reason for it, because Derby sentiment cannot rest solidly on any sort of contemporary social logic.

Certainly the theory and practice of horse racing has nothing whatsoever intrinsically to do with this age that Mr. Henry Wallace and others since have christened the Age of the Common Man. There were plenty

continued on next page

"Well, really! With that whole great big field to play on!"

NO RETURN

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of common and uncommon men at Churchill Downs the other day. Except for a segment of the curious, they must have been drawn there by a great tide of habit. It was basically a race track crowd, the same group with the same facial expressions that you encounter at any meet from Miami to Saratoga, and they came from every level, as the Army likes to put it. In fact, as I watched these milling thousands I thought what a problem many of them might present to the Happy Knoll Country Club admissions committee, anxious though we may be to enlarge our membership and, as some of our broader-minded members say, broaden our social base.

THE MIGRATORY URGE

It is a most unusual pageant, that pilgrimage to the Kentucky Derby, as anyone can tell you who has watched that annual march to the overgrown and growing town of Louisville. It is also a commentary on the American way of life, not that anyone who goes to Louisville has this on his mind. First, there are the stable owners and their friends, arriving in private cars in the wake of their stables. (It is said that the Texas private car had its own jazz band this year.) Then there are the socially addicted people who like horses and antisocial people who like horses and, finally, the professionals who move from track to track, the trainers, the jockeys, the exercise boys and the grooms, the professional gamblers and the touts, and with them the criminal and eccentric fringe, and on their heels come the betting operators, the police and the investigators of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Factually there is everybody from everywhere in Louisville on the day of the Derby, and it is hard to explain the urge that brought them. Indeed it is hard to explain the urge of any migration, but people do move in odd ways and usually in cohesive groups. Take, for instance, the masses of young advertising executives headed by Mr. Robert Lawton, who now are beginning to dominate the locker rooms at Happy Knoll.

The truth is that horse racing is an incongruous survival in the present age, now that the democratic horse we used to know is no longer a means of locomotion or an integral part of our economy. There has never been anything democratic about race horses, because the very theory of horse breeding is wholly at variance with egalitarian dogma. Many political sociologists who believe that heredity amounts to nothing and that character can be altered by environment are achieving great popular success, but the racing world is still out of touch with this avant-garde thinking. A lot of fun is poked annually at individuals whose names are permitted to appear in the Social Register, but what about the stud book? No horse is allowed in the Derby or any other well-regulated race who cannot trace his descent to one of three fortuitous ancestors, the Darley Arabian, the Godolphin Barb and the Byerly Turk, all stallions exported from the neighborhood of the Sahara and acquired by Roger de Coverley types of British sportsmen in the late 17th and early 18th centuries. The Godolphin Barb, it is said, was accidentally discovered while pulling a cart in the streets of Paris, a humble beginning for famous lineage, but then all ancestors have to start somewhere.

The business of horse racing is not very democratic either and can seldom be engaged in by the average individual. It is true that Count Chic, who ran against Needles, is owned by a restaurateur from the Northwest, but the other competitors in the seventh race came from what you and I, Albert, as Republicans, might term a sound financial background, a situation that still seems to exist in certain parts of the country, particularly in the vicinity of the Texas oil rigs. Needles' owners, incidentally, are oil men. In short, horse racing is and always has been an expensive and an artificial sport. Why does it remain immensely popular in a day when the horse is an anachronism?

Why is it, for that matter, that the Kentucky Derby has become an American institution? By the day of the race, Louisville is an overcrowded city. There are better tracks than Churchill Downs and better hotel accommodations near them. One might, I believe, be less conscious of certain obvious discomforts if the track management could arrange to do something about the juleps. I am sorry to bring up this subject again, but I do wish that Old Ned could be sent down here from the men's bar at Happy Knoll to spike them with his customary generosity. The white buildings and the grandstands have an antiquity that makes more for charm than for comfort. In fact, arrangements are such that about a third of the patrons paying admission never have more than a glimpse of the race and many in the center field see none of it; and others are content to watch the electric board in the clubhouse courtyard by the paddock and to listen to the roar of the crowd beyond. There are varied tastes in any crowd, even when it shares a common interest. To go a step further, most trainers will tell you that there are better races and better tests of horseflesh than the Derby. The crowded field, for one thing, leaves too much to chance. Luck becomes greater than skill and stamina when the horses approach the first turn. And yet the Derby remains one of the greatest sporting events extant, and a Derby winner is different from other winners.

LONG THOUGHTS, SHORT DRINKS

The reasons for these things are so complicated and subtle that many of them pass undiscovered through the sieve of analysis. They are as difficult to isolate as the causes that lie behind another phenomenon one encounters in Louisville, a city which, among its other activities, distills our finest bourbon. It is said that the best water to put in the distillers' mash comes from a subterranean river that flows several hundred feet beneath the bed of the Ohio, but no one can tell just why this water makes good distilled spirits. A great deal of the Kentucky Derby too lies underground, far beneath the observable actions and eccentricities of its far-flung patrons. A great deal of its secret of success rests deep in the group subconscious and in group participation, and much more of it depends upon a great collective belief approaching wish fulfillment. This is a belief that derives from a common enthusiasm shared by everyone who passed through the turnstiles—the love for the running horse and the conviction that a horse in motion is the most beautiful thing in life.

But there—I must not start to preach, especially after the slender alcoholic allowance permitted by the Churchill Downs juleps. In all fairness I must admit they let you take the glass home with you, but I have broken mine already. Indeed I have only time to sum up briefly. I am sorry I lost my money and yours. I know what you are going to say. I should have put it on Needles as you advised in the beginning. Well, why don't you try him yourself sometime? He is due to appear at Pimlico and also, I suppose, at Belmont, but I still don't like his attitude.

Very sincerely,
ROGER HORLICK

Left: No. J2728. Ventilated black Cordovan uppers, leather sole, rubber heel. (Also in tan)

Center: No. J2613. Hand-sewn genuine moccasin, leather sole, rubber heel. (Also in tan and white)

Right: No. J4224. Ventilated black soft grain Superflex leather sole, rubber heel. (Also in tan)

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SUBJECT: THE ZAHARIASES

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won't go for it. She can sew like a demon and makes dresses and drapes and everything.

"It doesn't take much to satisfy Babe," he said on the way back to the kitchen, "a good golf game, a good meal, nothing elaborate but just satisfying; something she can do for others. If I say I like her hair or a new dress, they might be little things to other people, but to Babe they're great things. She can sit in a room with old people and make them feel young. She does things for them, plays music for them, entertains them. With her, everything jells together."

"How did you meet?" he was asked.

His tanned, strong-featured face came aglow. He settled himself in one of the captain's chairs at the round table.

"It was at the Los Angeles Open in January, 1938," he said. "I was one of the top wrestlers, weighing 215 pounds. I had taken up golf two years before, and I was pretty good. I had just shot a 74, so Lloyd Mangrum told me, 'You ought to enter the Open.'

"I was wrestling every night, but I put my entry in and forgot about it. Then I came back to town and picked up the pairings in the paper, and I was paired with Babe. I had never met her. I had wrestled once in Beaumont, Texas, when she was a kid—I'm five years older than she is—but I had heard about this little kid who was the fastest thing on two legs and could throw baseballs and swim and dive like nobody you ever seen, and who was a legend being built up in 1931, and of course in 1932 she blossomed out as a star of the Olympics which proved all the things that you heard about her.

"Anyway, we were paired together. I was kind of scared. 'Will I miss the ball,' I thought, 'when I get out there with her?'

" 'She's a great girl' some friends of mine told me. 'You'll never forget her.' Braven Dyer introduced us on the tee.

"I said, 'Hi, Babe.'

"She said, 'Hi, George.' She had read the papers, too. A photographer out there said, 'Do you mind taking a picture together? Put your arms around her.'

" 'Put my arms around her?' I asked. I was embarrassed at doing those things to a girl I just met, but Babe looked at me and smiled.

" 'Sure, put your arms around me,' she said.

"Somehow with her the whole world changed."

Zaharias wasn't thinking about what he was saying. His faraway expression seemed to indicate he was thinking of the time itself when he met the girl who has been his wife for nearly 18 years.

"The grass got greener," he went on. "The birds were singing sweeter, the golf got better, the crowd got bigger. They seemed to sense something. It seemed like electricity was popping everywhere. I wanted to walk close to her. After three or four holes, compliments were flying right and left to each other.

"I said, 'Honey, you're my kind of girl.' She smiled and said, 'You're my kind of guy.'

"The next day, Saturday, we played again. I didn't have no wrestling match that night, so I asked her for a date to dinner. She said, 'Sure. I got to call my mother, just to tell her I'm going out.' I didn't get to meet Babe's mother until the morning she was going back to Beaumont, Texas. Babe used to take her mother to California every year. She used to love the flowers.

"I WANTED TO SHOW HER OFF"

"That Saturday night, Babe and I went out dancing. She's a great dancer, and we just fit together like a glove; close-up, easy, quiet dancin'. We went to the Cotton Club, the Famous Door, to Strangler Lewis' place in Glendale. I took her everywhere where I knew my pals were. I wanted to show her off, see.

"We drove back to Hollywood and I said, 'I'll be seein' you,' and she said, 'When?'

" 'Tomorrow?' I said.

"My brother, Chris, and my youngest brother, Tom, and my nephew were living with me in an apartment in Hollywood. I told them. 'You know who's coming, we got to have everything fixed up nice and clean, and we got to have something cookin'.'

"They cooked a Greek dish, lamb, tomatoes, sort of like a goulash. The neighbors came in, and Babe played the harmonica for them real good. They all wanted to know when she was coming back.

"We became a pretty good Hollywood pair. Sometimes Babe would come by the apartment without letting me know. If I wasn't there, she'd leave me little notes, signed 'Romance'! . . . I wish I had those little notes now," he sighed nostalgically. "They were wonderful; nice little things here and there."

He looked again at the black box on the wall. Still no sound, and it was nearing noon.

"She didn't get to sleep until 4:00 this morning," he explained. "She had a bad night.

"We were married that year, in 1938, December 23, in St. Louis. Leo Durocher was best man, and Joe Medwick was there. Babe and I went to Australia on our honeymoon. She played many exhibitions over there and drew tremendous crowds. I wrestled about 18 times over there, but Babe didn't like me to wrestle. All my matches were blood and thunder, like we call it in our business, and Babe was afraid I'd get hurt. She used to get headaches if she watched me. I retired from wrestling that year. Besides, my legs were bad. I had torn the cartilage in both knees."

A buzzing noise came over the intercom box. Zaharias went to it eagerly. "How you doin', honey?" he asked.

"Pretty good." The voice sounded far away and weak.

"Turn your box off," Zaharias teased, "we're talking about you."

continued on next page

GEORGE ZAHARIAS ON WRESTLING

"People say that wrestling is phony! It's billed as exhibition in California and New York, and it's staged and promoted by professionals, but it comes down to this. . . . It is, first and last, entertainment for the people.

"Al Jolson was the greatest wrestling fan of all. When I was wrestling in Los Angeles, Will Rogers sat in the corner for 10 weeks.

"Wrestling is a great art, a great sport. To be a good wrestler, you must have ability and personal pride to be better and you must have color.

"I was changed overnight. One night in Memphis in 1930, I threatened to quit. 'Look at my eyes, they're all cut,' I said to an old promoter, 'nobody wrestles by the rules.'

" 'Hit them first!' this old promoter told me. So I became a villain and saw to it there were always fireworks when I wrestled.

"I always wanted to be champion. I never was, but I wrestled Jim Londos two hours to a draw, once, in Cleveland in 1935, and they called me Champ for a while."

SUBJECT: THE ZAHARIASES

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"Spin off!" The old Didrikson spirit and verve were in her rejoinder.

Then the whole house came alive. Eddie, the Zaharias' 19-year-old helper, a bandana over the pincurls in her blonde hair, started brewing some hot liquid mixture, and Bebe, a frisky black miniature poodle which had been playing in the yard, scratched at the door to come in.

She went yapping at Zaharias' heels into the bedroom.

Moments later, the Babe's voice, brighter, stronger, came over the intercom. "Eddie, will you get me some bacon and eggs, maybe?"

"She wants them fried firm," Zaharias said, coming into the kitchen, "in a sandwich. We'll need some fresh bread." He got the bacon out of the icebox and put it in a frying pan, carefully watching and turning it.

"She must feel better if she's hungry," he said happily.

The intercom buzzed again.

"Honey," the lady of the house said cheerily, "send Joan in here. I'd like to meet her."

Two double beds dominated the room and Babe Didrikson Zaharias was in the far one.

Twenty-two years had passed since her portrait had been painted, but her pillowed head looked much the same. Her brown hair was longer, softer. Time and laughter had etched lines around her eyes, but the same spark, the intensity and alertness burned in them still.

Only her body, thinner, frailer, was more dormant.

At our entrance, Bebe, the poodle, jumped on the bed, a black fluff snuggled protectively against her mistress' red silk pajamas.

"That little rascal plays right here all the time," Babe Zaharias said. She raised her knees under the coverlet, providing a back brace for the dog and propped her in front of her like a live doll.

"She'll sit up there and chew a bone, but she'll hold it in her paws so daintylike," she praised. Then apologetically, "I'm sorry I slept so late, but I had a rough night."

She spoke matter-of-factly, quickly, crisply.

"Five days were a lot, going to the women's tournament. My legs ache. They don't hurt, but they ache."

"Remember, honey," Zaharias said, "how many times we'd come from a tournament and I'd rub your legs?"

"Yup," she nodded, "we'd head right for the hotel and the bathtub."

She looked admiringly at her husband. "He's quite a guy, isn't he?" she said without fear of contradiction. "Look at his eyes real good. There's a lot of sincerity and sweetness in his eyes. I don't know what I would have done without him."

"Oh, honey," he protested, "what would I have done without you?"

SOUVENIRS IN THE GARAGE

"Say, George," she had an afterthought, "the other day in the garage I came across the caricatures we had drawn of us the first night we went out together. They were pretty good. We autographed them to each other. Remember?"

He remembered.

"Show her that picture of Mom and Pop," she told him.

Meanwhile Eddie brought her breakfast in on a tray and while the Babe ate her sandwich Zaharias showed the picture, an old-fashioned daguerreotype of her parents, a handsome couple; the father, black haired, strong jawed, mustached; the mother, blonde, pretty, gentle looking.

"Some people say I look like my mother," the sixth of Ole and Hannah Didrikson's seven children, born June 26, 1914, said. "Around the eyes." She waited for confirmation, and when it came she was pleased.

"I guess I've got my father's mouth and chin," she added. "Mother used to play baseball with us, run with us and do everything. We had a good time. My dad was a sailor," she boasted, "that's why I've always liked sea stories. He carved a boat and put it in a bottle. I have it in the other room."

"He went around the world 19 times," Zaharias observed.

"Seventeen times," she corrected.

Zaharias grinned, "That's the promoter in me. But Babe taught me everything I know about business."

"Who did?" she asked.

"You did."

"Thank you, dear." She was as happy as a little girl with a new doll.

"George and I started the Ladies' PGA in 1949," she explained. "I had this good golf game, but nothing to play in. There were three or four tournaments a year, but they'd come months apart. I was working most of the time, playing exhibitions, but we wanted this tour. We had to have players. We felt if we could get out and help some young players, we'd get them to play good so we could have competition.

"George would give them lessons. Then they got good." She sat up on the pillow. " 'Forget the lessons, George,' I told him, 'they're getting tough.' "

We all laughed.

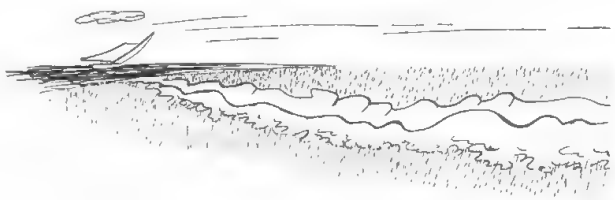
"Then she'd turn right around and help them herself," Zaharias said indulgently.

She defended herself. "You watch them and see what they're doing wrong," she said. "You know all of them. You tell them what they should be doing so they can play a little better, like they're going to have to play good now to keep the tour good."

"If we can have 25 to 30 tournaments a year," she went on enthusiastically, "the women will develop automatically. All they need is sponsors."

"It's given Babe a big thrill to watch this thing grow," Zaharias said. "While she was playing in it, the most she could win was $1,000, and she could have made four times that much in exhibitions in four days. But money has never moved Babe much. She likes to play in tournaments. She likes the crowds, the competition."

"It's just like being on the stage," Babe said excitedly. "I get such a kick out of playing for people." She smiled



girlishly as if the applause of the gallery were ringing in her ears.

"I've gotten so many letters," she went on, "40,000 or 50,000 of them." Then, conscience-stricken: "I haven't written a letter in ten months. I haven't even read my book since it's been out. [Her autobiography, *This Life I've Led*, was published last fall.] I can't sit long enough to write a letter. I'd have to write it standing up."

"What would you say," she was asked, "if you were to write a letter?"

She thought a moment. There were so many things to say.

"Dear Friends all over the world," she started, "I want to thank you for your prayers and your wonderful letters of inspiration. They have encouraged me." . . .

A twinge of pain interrupted her. She leaned back on the pillow and moved a heating pad closer to her chest.

"I get so mad," she said. "I was feeling so good down here, getting dressed and going out in the sun and everything, and by golly, something else knocks me down, like this pleurisy."

There was an expression of hurt on her face as though a good friend had let her down.

"The thing I don't understand," she said, "is I've taken such good care of my body all my life. You go through it and you fight and you fight and you hope and you pray, then something worse hits you like this last one, cancer of the sacrum. It's going to make it tough for me to come back."

"Last year at the Texas Hall-of-Fame dinner," Zaharias spoke, "Ben Hogan said, 'Babe has set the standard for us all, and that's what we're playing by. That's probably why we have Babe with us today, because she has prepared her body and taken such good care of it.'"

Babe nodded affirmatively at her husband's words. "I like Ben very much and always have. I like his competitive spirit. I think he's the finest competitor the world has ever known in sports. He plays to win, but to be able to play like he wanted to play, he had to lose a lot of friends."

"Now, honey, don't say that," Zaharias entreated.

Undaunted, she continued. "It's true, but he's won his friends back again since then. I don't say Ben's the greatest golfer in the world or the greatest swinger of a golf club, but nobody ever worked like him."

"Except you," her husband said.

"THE TOUGHEST GAME"

"They say golf came easy to me because I was a good athlete," she said indignantly, "but there's not any girl on the tour who worked near as hard as I did in golf. It was the toughest game I ever tackled. Those early sports I did when I was a kid never made much impression on me. I just happened to fall into it. Of course, I was quite happy every time I won. I was like that in school, a competitor. I wanted to get the best marks. My mother encouraged us all in sports. So did my father. They gave us every opportunity they could and never stopped us from doing anything.

"Golf was a game I always wanted to tackle but never could afford to play. I was 16 when I played one round with no lesson or anything with Grantland Rice, Paul Gallico and Braven Dyer. It wasn't very good golf," she said critically.

She lit a cigarette and sipped her coffee.

"I started playing golf October 7, 1934 and stayed with it. I worked 18 hours a day. I couldn't wait for daylight to come. I used to be dressed and have my breakfast so I'd be ready when that daylight came, then I'd go out to the practice fairway.

"All they used to talk about was my power and strength and 'she's a long hitter.' Well, that opened my eyes that

continued on next page

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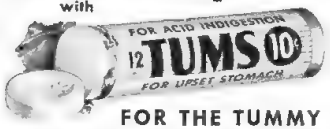

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SUBJECT: THE ZAHARIASES

continued from page 85

I had to do something with the other part of my game to be able to score, so I practiced around the green, chipping and putting and trap play, until that and my irons became the best part of my game.

"When I got sick, I was about to play the best golf of my life. My ambition was to get below men's par.... Everyone has some little thing that makes them hit better. You can learn to play golf with the worst form in the world—that's what's so great about golf—but you'll find most champions do have a very good golf swing."

"YOU CREATE A SPEED"

"A lot of people like me who get to where it is so easy to hit, get a little lax, and that's when a good player usually goes off the game. Mostly it's not looking at the ball and having too fast a backswing. You've got to have your backswing nice and slow to get the same rhythm all the time; then after you've learned to swing, you create a speed that gets faster and faster.

"When you keep your eye on the ball, your body stays in position. If you don't, your body will weave. A lot of people claim they never hit the ball the same way twice in a row. They either loosen up or soften up, but if you keep your eyes on the ball, your body will stay in position and you'll have the same firmness all the time. Then if you follow through with the hit, you'll get yourself a fine shot.

"A champion has to be a very tough machine because every player is so inspired to beat the champion. They have nothing to lose so they play to win. Well, I'd get an opponent, and they'd pull everything out they could at me, so I'd have to spurt to build myself up to where I could go ahead and win. Sometimes I'd put forth effort that I didn't have.

"There have been stories," she said with slow emphasis, "that said I said 'I'm going to win' and 'I'm going to do this or that.' I read once where I said to someone, 'I guess you're going to come in second.'

"The sportswriters are my friends, but I'd never dream of doing a thing like that. I've always thought—and I guess it's been the bad thing in my sports career—that I tried not to kill anybody real bad. I never wanted to get beat, yet I never wanted to beat the youngsters or anybody who wanted to be in the game. If I'd beat them 9 and 7, it might kill their spirits and they might say, 'I'll give up the game.'

"There was one person I played, I beat her so bad, she never played golf again. She could have been a very good golfer."

"Babe shot a 29 at her," Zaharias said.

"On two occasions," she told him. "Then I'd go in there after that and try not to beat them quite so bad.

"There was one time," she specified, "I think it was a Western Open. I had this girl five down in the first five holes. She said, 'Babe, you got me beat already. Why don't you help me on my game?' So I helped her and got her swinging a little bit and I had to go 20 holes to beat her.

"Well, I got beat a couple of times doing that—you lose your concentration—so I made up my mind thereafter that I would have no leniency."

She tossed her head determinedly.

"I have confidence that I'm going to get well," she said, "and I don't feel as though it's only for myself. I feel as though it's for those people who are interested enough to write me and encourage me. When I went back and played and worked so hard after my cancer operation in '53, I hoped I would encourage other cancer patients that they weren't through or physically handicapped, and I still hope I'll be able to prove it; that if you have the wish or sufficient desire, you'll be able to come out of it."

She was getting drowsy. When Zaharias noticed his wife's voice was beginning to weaken he brought her a sedative and water.

Babe took it, self-consciously. "I've never been a pill-taker," she explained, "but these are nonnarcotic. You should see all the stuff they've got in there for me to take."

"I'll turn the television set on for you," her husband said softly, "until you fall asleep."

He turned on the set at the foot of her bed. "When Perry Como and Jackie Gleason are on, she makes me put two sets on top of each other so she can watch them both."

Babe Didrikson Zaharias smiled absent-mindedly but her mind was on other things.

"You know," she said, "I read those stories that tell why champions retire, but I've got my own ideas about it. They don't retire because they're through. They retire because they're just tired of it. They get tired of putting on their shoes. I did, too, when I got to feeling bad ... I don't feel that way now. I'd just love to get my shoes on once again." (END)

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19th HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

THOSE SMALL LOANS

Sirs:

As an avid reader of SI I can find no better place to vent my feelings concerning the recent action Tug Wilson has taken against Ohio State and Woody Hayes (SI, May 7).

To keep the record straight, I am not attending nor have I ever attended Ohio State, but I have had the distinct honor and privilege of having Woody and members of his staff consult with me in seeking *positions for either players or their wives* (SI, Oct. 24, '55). In every instance it was soundly legitimate and with no favors asked, only a position to help the family get ahead.

What would Commissioner Wilson do if he had a worthy boy ask him for a lift, with a small loan, which could mean the difference between finishing school or dropping out?

Woody is a tough taskmaster with one attribute that is outstanding, character and trust in his fellow man.

A word of caution to "Smug" Wilson. Don't let the Ivy League influence creep into the Big Ten. If you do, it will disintegrate to the same level of has-beens. As a former Pennsylvanian, I watched with sadness the decline of a great institution in sports, and it happened only because *of their adoption of a holier-than-thou* program.

If a boy can hold his scholastic average legitimately and can also represent his school on the athletic field with honor, he should be granted every consideration for whatever financial assistance he may need.

STANLEY T. HARVEY

Columbus

OUR IOWA FRIENDS

Sirs:

Gripe letters generally amuse me, but when your editor adds support to the gripers, I'm disgusted (19th HOLE, April 30).

Willie Naulls is a fine basketball player, but so is Carl Cain. He can do everything on a court and make it look easy. And most important of all, Cain is one of the greatest defensive players in the country.

Our California friends scream that Naulls outscored Cain in the Olympic tryouts. So what? For the tournament Cain outscored his opponents, which is more than you can say for Naulls.

Naulls scored 14 points against the Buchan Bakers, but Boushka got 20. Cain had only three, but his man didn't score any. Cain didn't score against the Phillips Oilers, it's true, but neither did his man Burdy Haldorson, the Oilers' best scorer, while Cain was in the game.

In the finals of the NCAA tournament, in which Iowa lost to San Francisco, Cain *scored 17 points. His man Farmer didn't get* a point. The previous night Farmer scored 26 against SMU.

In four NCAA tourney games Cain scored 99 points, an average of just under 25 a game. He hit 28 against Morehead State, 34 against Kentucky, 20 against Temple and 17 against Frisco.

Naulls is a natural center, not a forward like Cain. And the Olympic team has some *fair country centers. Russell and Darling* would seem to be fair representation at the center post.

Naulls in many ways would be out of place at forward, particularly on defense. I feel the Olympic committee was looking for the best men in each position.

KEN KEW

Sports Director, KGLO

Mason City, Iowa

● Carl Cain is every bit as good as Mr. Kew says, but we still would have picked Willie Naulls.—ED.

A GOLDFISH FOR A BROWN

Sirs:

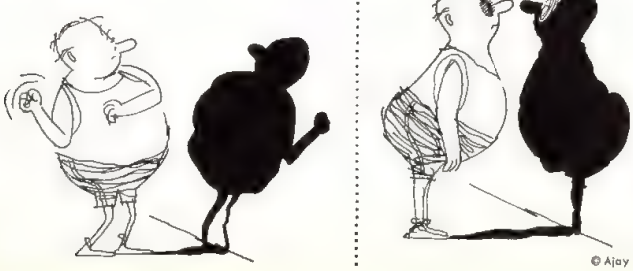
Until a few months ago, I lived in Salt Lake City, Utah, and Friday nights would drive to Dillon, Mont. or Pinedale, Wyo. to try and match wits for a weekend with the wily brown trout (SI, April 30). We always felt that the brown trout was the greatest test for a fisherman. We all tried desperately to catch browns with dry flies, but always had to resort to using our spinning outfit, always *sinking* "streamer flies" or using good old "goldfish" lures to get the real big browns.

JIM CORBIN

New York

continued on next page

MR. CAPER — by AJAY



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 continued from page 89

THE GREATEST TEAM

Sirs:

In response to your inquiry for nominations for the greatest team in major league baseball history (19TH HOLE, April 30), I choose the great Chicago Cubs of 1906 to 1910. During this time they averaged 106 victories and 47 defeats per season. Their finest year was 1906: the record was 116 won, 36 lost. Four members of this great team are in the Hall of Fame.

Following closely are the 1929–31 Athletics and the 1926–28 New York Yankees.

CHARLES M. CORDEN

Waterbury, Conn.

THE ONE GRACIOUS VOICE

Sirs:

The letter of Robert W. Wood Jr. of Princeton, N.J. (19TH HOLE, April 30) points up one of the great journalistic delinquencies of our time, to wit: no one has ever realized that a "profile" of Fight Announcer Harry Balogh is a feature boxing fans and literati alike would enjoy and treasure. Harry is one of the most unique "champions" of the contemporary sports scene.

Cancellation of the "Eastun Pockway Arener" shows marked the end of an era.

Harry, a throwback to Dickens, personified with artless ease the character that the late great W. C. Fields strove to develop.

Harry's mastery of pinpoint geographic location extending to the farthest reaches of the Borough of Brooklyn did suffer somewhat when projected into the narrow fringe areas west of the Hudson. As a result of this cartographic foreshortening Harry would introduce "a classy contender from the Bedford-Stuyvesant section" and match him with a "worthy adversary" from Nevada or Pennsylvania. Harry's love of grandiloquence never permitted him to debase his native tongue with such vulgar terms as "fight" or "fighter." "Athletes," "crowd-pleasers," "pugilistic protagonists" would engage in "contests," "fiascos," "fistic encounters," and even "cross gloves." His introduction of a newlywed as "a great contender of yesteryear" was in the truly classic tradition.

The little world of pugilism has lost its one gracious voice, and the larger world of TV is the poorer for it.

TAYLOR POORE
JAMES A. SHANAHAN

Chicago

TWO SNEERS BEFORE THE MAST

Sirs:

Apropos the article by James Murray on Sailor Bogart (SI, April 30): by actual count, two leers, three snarls, two sneers, one glower and one roar—what a fine sipper he must be to sail with!

F. K. ALEXANDER, M.D.

Germantown, Pa.

AUTO-UNION'S BOOMING BUSINESS

Sirs:

In the course of the article *The Ghosts: Mercedes Magic* (SI, March 12), you refer to the "now defunct German Auto-Union firm." Investigation would have revealed that in 1955 Auto-Union produced 112,493 vehicles. Such investigation would also have demonstrated that in 1955 Auto-Union had more than 11,800 employees

and that this figure is substantially increased as of this date.

FRANK WICKHEM

Los Angeles

● Auto-Union *ist nicht kaputt.* The original combine was created in 1932 through the merger of four well-known German *marques:* Audi, Horch, Wanderer and DKW. By 1940 the company had produced over a quarter-million passenger vehicles in addition to being the world's largest manufacturer of motorcycles. In 1945 its plants in East Germany were expropriated and, with others, combined into a State Trust, which today mass-produces older models of the DKW. Seven years ago some of the Auto-Union's former engineers and production men established the first of three new plants in West Germany. Up to the beginning of '56 more than 140,000 front-wheel-drive DKW's have rolled off the Düsseldorf assembly line. Although the DKW (fondly nicknamed *Das Kleine Wunder*, or The Little Wonder) is basically a touring car (*see cut*), it has been successfully entered in many European sports car races and rallies and has won class victories in California's Torrey Pines and Santa Barbara road races.—ED.

THE NEW DKW THREE-SIX

BAREFOOT BOY

Sirs:

I would appreciate it if you would explain why Ernie Shelton, the high jumper, has only one shoe on (WONDERFUL WORLD, April 23).

BILL KAREM

Louisville

● Ernie Shelton wears no shoe on his right foot for two reasons: to prevent his spikes catching as he swings his right foot through and up, and, secondly, to get better leverage. In high jumping, the foot that goes up toward the bar first, swung energetically, supplies a certain amount of lift. Without a shoe, the bare foot can swing forward smoothly just a fraction of an inch over the ground and then up. With a track shoe, the foot must be lifted just a little to afford clearance for the ¾-inch spikes. This disrupts the smoothness of the pendulumlike swing and also costs the high jumper a tiny bit of leverage. Ernie Shelton's one-shoe technique is neither uncommon nor new: not the first, but one of the best-known one-shoe jumpers was Johnny Wilson, also of Southern Cal, who went 6 feet 9⅜ inches back in 1940.—ED.

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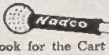

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PAT ON THE BACK

DAVE ALBRITTON

Combining Iranian enthusiasm and American equipment contributed by Ohio State and Michigan universities, Dave Albritton (*second from left*), a member of the 1936 U.S. Olympic team, has undertaken the job of training an Iranian Olympic squad. Touring Iran in 1955 for the State Department, Albritton made such a hit he was asked back. He took a year's leave from his Dayton, Ohio teaching post, returned to Iran, where he has started his work by building track teams in every high school.

IGNATIUS ALOYSIUS O'SHAUGHNESSY

Oil Executive Ignatius Aloysius O'Shaughnessy (*seated with Mrs. O'Shaughnessy*) acquired the tribe of Cleveland last February when he and two partners (Hank Greenberg and William R. Daley) purchased control of the Cleveland Indians. But O'Shaughnessy already had quite a tribe of his own. For Cleveland's Opening Day he summoned a war party of 11 children and grandchildren pictured here. Back in their home wigwams: one son, 22 grandchildren.

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Dashing companion to the Lancers! Dodge convertibles steal the "Oh's" from the costliest cars. (There's even one in the Coronet Series.) And just wait till you discover the Magic Touch of Dodge push-button driving: *Mechanically perfect* . . . easiest, safest, surest way of driving!

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